E 664
.H52 U5
Copy 1

Class _____

Book _____

340
914
Lab10

Thomas H. Hinton

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

THOMAS H. HERNDON

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM ALABAMA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION.

U S

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1884.

JOINT RESOLUTION to print twelve thousand five hundred copies of eulogies on Thomas H. Herndon, late a Representative in Congress.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late Thomas H. Herndon, a Representative-elect in the Forty-eighth Congress from the State of Alabama, twelve thousand five hundred copies, of which three thousand copies shall be for the use of the Senate, and nine thousand five hundred for the use of the House of Representatives. And the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said Thomas H. Herndon to accompany said eulogies, and for the purpose of engaving and printing said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, May 3, 1884

AUG 6 1908
D. of D.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF THOMAS H. HERNDON.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

December 5, 1883.

Mr. JONES, of Alabama. Mr. Speaker, it is my painful duty to announce the death of my predecessor, Hon. THOMAS H. HERNDON, which occurred on the 28th day of March last, at his home in Mobile, Ala. At some future time I shall ask that a day be set aside for the consideration of appropriate obituary resolutions. I now offer the resolution which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound regret of the death of Hon. THOMAS H. HERNDON, late a Representative-elect from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 40 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

MARCH 12, 1884.

Mr. JONES, of Alabama. I ask unanimous consent that Saturday, the 12th day of April, be fixed as the time for the delivering of tributes to the memory of the late THOMAS H. HERNDON, late a Representative-elect from the State of Alabama.

There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

APRIL 12, 1884.

The SPEAKER. By resolution of the House this day at 2 o'clock was assigned for the offering of resolutions expressive of regret at the death of the late THOMAS H. HERNDON, a Representative-elect of this House. That hour has now arrived.

Mr. JONES, of Alabama. I offer the resolution which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That this House has heard with deep regret of the death of THOMAS H. HERNDON, late Representative-elect to this House from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That, as a testimony to his memory, the officers and members of this House will wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be transmitted by the Clerk of this House to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these proceedings to the Senate, and that, as a further mark of respect to the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

Address of Mr. JONES, of Alabama.

Mr. SPEAKER: As Colonel HERNDON's successor in this House it becomes my duty, as his friend it is my privilege, to pay a humble tribute of respect to his memory. His well-known modesty and his aversion to everything like ostentation forbid that I should indulge in the language of extravagant praise so common on an occasion like this. I shall, therefore, in what I have to say simply call attention to a character of rare symmetry and completeness,

and endeavor to hold up to public view the record of a life full of honors and full of usefulness.

THOMAS H. HERNDON was a native of Alabama. He was educated in the schools and at the University of that State. After reading law at Harvard University he was admitted to the bar, and thereafter devoted his life and his talents to the service of his people. He was several times a member of the legislature. He was a delegate to two of the most important conventions ever held in the State. During the late war he was colonel of an Alabama regiment, and was several times severely wounded in battle. His command was engaged in the thickest of the fight at Chickamauga, where he received a wound which was at the time supposed to be mortal.

In 1872 he was earnestly supported by his party friends as candidate for the office of governor. His friends, who were numerous and devoted to him, justly considered him worthy to represent Alabama in the Senate of the United States, and frequently and zealously supported him for that exalted position. He was thrice returned to represent the Mobile district in this House. After a long and honorable career of public service, on the 28th of March, 1883, only a few days after his term of service in this Congress commenced, he died at his home in Mobile, in the bosom of his family, and in the midst of constituents who were all his friends.

It was my good fortune, Mr. Speaker, to know Colonel HERNDON well. I knew him at the bar, and in public and private life. He was a representative man. He was a type of the best elements of his State. Always and everywhere he was a gentleman. Born in Alabama, he had grown with her growth. He had fought and suffered with his people in war, and in peace he had labored to restore the blessings of good government. He was thoroughly identified with the people of Alabama by birth, by association, and by common pursuits and common sufferings. He knew their wants, and was in warm sympathy with their purposes and their aspirations. Hence it is not surprising that the people of Alabama desired that his abilities should not be confined to the bar.

Had he lived, it was the hope of his friends that his influence in public affairs should not be confined to the limits of a Congressional district, but might sweep out into broader fields of usefulness.

Colonel HERNDON was a model soldier, illustrating that rare combination of courage and gentleness which immortalized Sir Philip Sidney—

> Mild in manner, fair in favor, sweet in temper, fierce in fight.

And in all the positions of trust to which he was elevated in civil life he exhibited the same modesty and courage that had rendered him conspicuous in the field. He was true at all times to his convictions and never swerved from the path of duty.

In private life Colonel HERNDON was modest as a woman, gentle as charity, and possessed a genial magnetism that attracted men and bound them to him "as with hooks of steel." While he lived laborious days he did not scorn the delights of life. But it was in the sacred precincts of the home circle that his social nature shone with the purest luster. Upon his hearthstone the fires of domestic happiness always burned brightly. In his home peace and love were enthroned; there he found an incentive to his ambition and rest from his public labors. Learned and successful as a lawyer, brave and chivalrous as a soldier, enlightened as a statesman, singularly fortunate in all his family relations, his life was blessed with a larger share of happiness and brightened with more of "sweetness and light" than usually fall to the lot of mortals.

I will be followed by other gentlemen whose remarks will show in what high estimation Colonel HERNDON was held by his fellow-Congressmen. It was my desire, and it would have been highly gratifying to the family of our departed friend, that to-day's obsequies should have been graced by the taste and eloquence of the gentleman from New York [Mr. Cox], but I am this moment in receipt of a letter from him informing me of his being confined to his bed by sickness. In this letter he incloses to me a letter addressed to him by Mr. John Bigelow, formerly our distinguished

minister to France, which contains sentiments so appropriate to this occasion and so fitly illustrating the utilities of occasions like this that I send it to be read at the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

APRIL 10, 1884.

DEAR MR. COX: Until to-day I have had no opportunity of running through the memorial addresses which you were good enough to send me and for which please accept my cordial thanks. I thank you not only for sending them to me but for uttering them. Any man who does or says anything to cultivate and cherish a respect among our people for their benefactors gives power to the Government, efficacy to the laws, and new guarantees to public order. In doing all this he in a corresponding degree checks and discourages the satanic spirit of detraction and irreverence with which the privileges of a free press are always conditioned.

Mortuary eloquence is neither history nor biography nor criticism, but the commendation in high places of those virtues which should illustrate public life helps to elevate and sustain the national standard of official duty, and in that respect answers a purpose as important perhaps as if it embodied the fullness, the accuracy, and the discrimination of all three. The higher we raise the popular standard the more will the people find to admire and respect in those who have had a part in shaping the history of their country.

The taste and skill with which you have decorated the tombs of your departed friends one at least of your readers gratefully appreciates.

Very truly, yours,

JOHN BIGELOW.

Address of Mr. FORNEY, of Alabama.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was my good fortune during the life of my deceased colleague, Hon. THOMAS H. HERNDON, to be numbered among his friends. We had known each other for more than a third of a century. During this long period our relations had been the most cordial, friendly, and intimate. What I have to say upon this sad and solemn occasion I know but voices the general sentiment of the people of his State from the mountains to the Gulf. No citizen of Alabama from its organization as a State was more beloved, esteemed, or respected. He was a native of Alabama, born and raised in the county of Greene, the most beautiful section of the South, lying in the heart of the cotton-belt, with its broad acres and fertile fields.

My colleague was brought up in the midst of a refined and highly cultivated community. He had all the advantages of learning that the country afforded. He received a classical education at his State university; after graduation entered the law school of Cambridge, Mass. He commenced his professional career in the city of Mobile. His education, training, and natural ability rapidly secured for him a high position at the Mobile bar, then as well as now noted for the number of learned, prominent, and distinguished lawyers.

THOMAS H. HERNDON was a true Southerner; a representative man of the South; the soul of honor; chivalrous, polished, and courtly in manners; kind and generous in spirit; conservative in temper and action; considerate of the feelings of others, but brave in principle and true to every trust confided in him. He had occupied many prominent positions in Alabama. The people of Mobile, when he was quite young—in 1857—knowing his great worth, appreciating his ability, integrity, and high character, elected him to the legislature. During the great excitement which pervaded the South in 1860 he was elected a delegate from Greene County to the convention known as the secession convention of Alabama. He took a prominent position in that body. The result of that convention was the adoption of the ordinance of secession, on the 11th of January, 1861, which separated Alabama from the Federal Union. My colleague voted for that ordinance. He was one of those who honestly and conscientiously believed it was right. So believing, when the hour came for action, thoroughly in feeling and sympathy with his people, he joined the Confederate army. By his valor, coolness, and efficiency in camp and field he was promoted to the rank of colonel. He had the entire confidence of the officers and men of his regiment; upon many fields of battle won the admiration of his general, who on several occasions mentioned him in his reports of engagements with the enemy for his bravery and gallantry upon the field.

During the war he was twice wounded so severely that he could with credit and honor to himself have retired from the army; yet so soon as his wounds were healed, like a true patriot, he would re-

turn to his command. There he remained to the close of the war, until his chief surrendered and the cause which he so nobly and gallantly espoused was lost. The war over, his fortune destroyed and gone, he resumed the practice of his profession, and soon took rank with the leading lawyers of his State. The people of Mobile again called him from private life—elected him as a delegate in 1875 to the constitutional convention of Alabama. No one delegate took a more active part in that convention than he did or had more to do in the formation of the present constitution of Alabama.

In 1876–'77 he was again elected to the legislature of his State, and was regarded as one of the leading members of that body, occupying the most prominent positions and taking an active part in the discussion of all important measures. In 1878 he was chosen a member to the Forty-sixth Congress from the first district of Alabama. He had not sought the position. At the time of his nomination he was actively engaged in his profession, and was fast regaining his lost fortune. The people called him and he accepted the trust tendered. His course in the Forty-sixth Congress met the approval of his constituents, and he was re-elected to the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses, serving with distinction and ability upon the Committees of Foreign Affairs and Commerce.

But, Mr. Speaker, he was not permitted to take his seat in this Congress. After a long and severe illness, with intense suffering, he departed this life on the 28th of March, 1883, in the midst of friends, and surrounded by the loved ones at home. Mr. Speaker, HERNDON has gone from among us; gone to a better, brighter, and purer world. The family circle will miss the kind, tender, and indulgent father, the affectionate, loving, and devoted husband; society, the genial, affable, and pleasant companion, the generous, noble, and true friend; the client, the able, faithful, and reliable counselor; the bar of Alabama, one of its leading lawyers and brightest ornaments; the State, one who may be truly classed among the bravest of her brave sons, a patriot, a statesman whose garments were unstained, pure, and spotless, one who had been faithful to every official obligation during his public life.

Mr. Speaker, I was present at his burial and witnessed the universal demonstration, the grand outpouring of the people of Mobile to do honor to their distinguished Representative, to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom they had esteemed and honored in life. From the church to the cemetery the streets were alive with thousands of people, all classes, both races, the aged and the young. The various military organizations, secret societies, orders, and associations of the city followed the cortege to the grave. This demonstration told unmistakably and truly how he was loved at his home. He had lived with them from early manhood; with them he had commenced his professional career; they had watched his course through life with pride and admiration. They knew him well. They loved him for his sterling worth, the purity of his character, the sincerity of his friendship, for that noble, true, generous, and liberal heart that beat within his breast. As we stood around his grave there was another pleasing incident. The floral offerings, numerous and beautiful designs of rare flowers, covered the casket. After it was lowered to its last resting-place and all was over, garlands of choicest flowers, wrought by fair hands, encircled his grave. This pure, chaste, and beautiful offering from the daughters of Mobile spoke more eloquently than words how he was loved by his people at home, a people who will hold him in memory as fragrant as the magnolia groves that line the bay shore where he now quietly, peacefully, and calmly sleeps.

Address of Mr. HORR, of Michigan.

It falls to my lot to do perhaps an unusual thing, and that is to talk for a few moments to the members of the House in reference to our deceased brother and friend without that preparation which is usually made for such occasions. I shall make this attempt simply because of my respect for Mr. HERNDON, and my lack of preparation arises entirely from the fact that my other duties have been such that it has been impossible for me to find time to

do what I should like to have done. Therefore whatever I may say at this time, while it may lack the finish which is due to such an occasion, will perhaps have one advantage—it will be simply what comes into my mind from the memories that cluster around the name of our departed friend.

Mr. Speaker, we learn but little of the real character of men as we serve with them upon the floor of this House. What I mean is this: That here it is always a sort of intellectual arena—a sort of fight which simply brings out one-half or one side of a man, so that you may serve here with a member year in and year out and yet know little of the qualities which go to make up his real character. Some one has said, I do not know who, that no one ever knows a person well unless he lives in the family with him, sees him in his own home, meets him in the little every-day affairs of life; and I sometimes think that perhaps that is in every respect true.

But while we may learn but little of men as we meet them here from day to day on the floor of the House, is it not equally true that we do often come to know men well with whom we serve upon the active, laborious committees of this House? For two years I served with Mr. HERNDON upon the Committee on Commerce. It was a laborious committee. I had there the opportunity to meet him almost every day of the session; for in the Forty-seventh Congress we were at work constantly in that committee. In that way I think I learned more of his character than I could have learned by meeting him on the floor of this House in perhaps ten years' service. During those entire two years, Mr. Speaker, I do not recollect a single instance of anything but the most pleasant relations between Mr. HERNDON and every member of the committee. And what is perhaps still stranger, while he and I differed as widely as two men could differ on questions of politics, I do not now remember to have had the least difference with him on any question of business, and that committee, as you all know, was devoted entirely to business, to the development of the business interests of the country.

I very well remember the last time that I ever saw him. The committee had been postponing for days matters which pertained to his State and district on account of his illness in order that we might learn from him his wishes as to the different matters before the committee. He finally came in—feeble, but with the same quiet, mobtrusive manner that so attached to him every member of the committee. And I recollect as he went over the list and pointed out the instances in which his people were affected by the legislation we were proposing, how careful and conscientious he was to demand only what his people ought to have. And I reveal no secrets of the committee when I say that in a list of twenty requests we adopted without a dissenting voice every one of his recommendations. He was a safe man to follow. He was a man whose head was always level, and whose judgment was accurate on questions of public business or public policy.

Some of you gentlemen around me here who were his neighbors will no doubt speak of Mr. HERNDON as you knew him socially. I knew nothing of his family relations; but from my intimate acquaintance with him during those two years of laborious committee service I feel the utmost confidence in saying that he was a kind father and an excellent husband. And when you have said that of a man you have said more than when you call him a statesman. A great many men have been statesmen who have not been the best of citizens. But there was never a man who was among the best of citizens, a kind father and husband, who might not have been, if given the opportunity, an excellent statesman.

I look back upon my relations with Mr. HERNDON as among the pleasant recollections of my life. I revere his memory simply for those quiet, sterling qualities which in our every-day life we recognize as the elements that dignify and ennoble the character of men in the genuine relations of life. More than this I could hardly say of any one; less than this I could not say of my friend, Mr. HERNDON, and do him justice or do justice to my own feelings toward him.

Address of Mr. DOWD, of North Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is related of an eminent English statesman that being about to sit for his portrait he was interrogated by the artist with reference to certain splotches on his face, whether they should appear in the picture or not, and he answered with emphasis, "Paint me as I am, blemishes and all." And when the late Governor Graham, of my own State, had delivered a well-considered eulogy upon the life and character of Hon. George E. Badger, being asked why he had not been more fulsome and ornate in his descriptions and characterizations, his reply was:

> It was not my purpose to see what a flaming picture I could draw, nor to make a grandiloquent sketch of an ideal orator, lawyer, statesman, suited to no one in particular; but I was trying to describe George E. Badger just as he was, to draw a picture that would look like him and nobody else.

So in this instance. The highest eulogy that could be pronounced upon THOMAS H. HERNDON would be to describe him just as he was.

Whether as the youthful orator in his graduating speech, declaiming in tones of thrilling and fiery eloquence upon that patriotic sentiment, "Our country, right or wrong;" whether as the slender and handsome bridegroom, twenty years of age, leading to the altar a lovely bride of only sixteen summers; whether as the young husband and father, kissing adieu his wife and children and hastening to the front at the sound of war; whether lifting his voice above the din of battle and dauntlessly leading his comrades into the very vortex of destruction and death, or lying upon a soldier's couch, pale and exhausted from fractured limbs and loss of blood; whether thoughtful and grave over the problem of reconstruction, or bearing down carpetbagism with the terrific force of his invective and ridicule; whether as the young barrister or maturer lawyer, whether in victory or defeat; whether rolling in pain and torture at his hotel while a member of this House, or cracking jokes to groups of members and pages in the corridors and behind the railing in this Hall, wherever he was, whatever

he was doing, his highest praise, his best eulogy would be to hold him up before the public and let him appear *ipsum*, *ipsissimum*, THOMAS H. HERNDON, just as he was.

It is not my purpose to make any extended sketch of the life and public services of the deceased, nor to dwell at length upon the topics suggested by this occasion. I shall only refer very briefly to some of the leading events in his life and mention a few of his many excellent traits of character.

His father was a Virginian, born in Spottsylvania in 1794. At the age of sixteen he came to Washington to seek employment and formed the friendship of Gales & Seaton, of the old National Intelligencer, and retained that friendship unabated through life.

His mother was a daughter of Judge Henry Toulmin, of an old English family who fled from the persecutions of the reign of the Second James and sought repose as well as political and religious liberty in the new colonies, settling first in Kentucky and afterward upon the Tombigbee, in Alabama. Judge Toulmin, the maternal grandfather, was a man of marked ability. In Kentucky, in early life, he was secretary of state and compiler of the laws. In Mississippi, a few years later, he occupied a high judicial station, and won great distinction by his decisions of questions then attracting the attention of the whole country. And still later in life he held high positions in the State of Alabama, being engaged, as the last work of his long and useful life, by the legislature of that State to make a digest and compilation of its laws.

THOMAS H. HERNDON was born July 1, 1828. His father was a successful merchant and farmer, having settled after leaving Washington on the Black Warrior, in Erie, Green County. THOMAS was a bright and intellectual boy and had good advantages. One of his first teachers was Judge Sam Houston, still living in Mississippi. Having taken a preparatory course at La Grange, he entered the sophomore class in the University of Alabama at the age of seventeen. Graduating with distinction in 1847, he went in September of that year to Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., where, in July, 1848, he took his degree of bachelor of laws. In December, 1848, he was married, being only a little more than twenty years of age and his bride sixteen.

Mrs. Herndon, his excellent and devoted wife, is a daughter of Dr. Abram Franklin Alexander, an eminent physician and a North Carolinian by birth, whose ancestors for several generations lived in the county of Mecklenburg, which I have the honor to represent in this House and to call my home. Dr. Alexander was the grandson of Abraham Alexander, the president of the series of meetings which formulated, and of the convention which in May, 1775, promulgated the Mecklenburg declaration of independence, more than a year in advance of the national declaration of July 4, 1776.

Mr. HERNDON early took an interest in politics. In 1851 he was the nominee of the Democratic party for the legislature, and though the county had a large Whig majority he was defeated by only a few votes. In 1853 he moved to Mobile and became a member of the law firm of Chandler, Smith & Herndon, which had a large and successful practice. He was elected to the legislature from Mobile in 1857, and was a member of the secession convention in 1860. On the breaking out of the war he entered the army with the rank of major, and was soon promoted to that of colonel, and was twice severely wounded. After the close of the war he returned home and resumed the practice of the law, but soon became again engaged in politics. He was among the foremost in that desperate struggle which resulted in wresting the State of Alabama from the hordes of carpet-baggers and plunderers who had obtained control in the dismal period of reconstruction.

In 1872 he was the Democratic nominee for governor of the State, receiving the full party vote, but was defeated by a small majority. In 1876 he was again a member of the legislature, and had a considerable following for United States Senator in the Democratic caucus when Senator Morgan was nominated. He was elected a Representative to the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Forty-eighth Congresses, and died on the 28th day of March, 1883.

My acquaintance with Mr. HERNDON began with the Forty-seventh Congress, and knowing him somewhat intimately I should say his most prominent characteristic was his extreme amiability and mildness of temper. His cheerfulness seemed never to desert him.

A long, painful, and hopeless illness did not render him morose nor drive away the softness and sweetness of his disposition. And yet he was fond of life, and had the keenest relish of its pleasures. An earnest and faithful worker in whatever he had to do, he was yet fond of amusements, and keenly enjoyed his hours of recreation. Patient of labor, enduring with fortitude the cares and toils of life, he did not scorn its delights nor refuse to pluck a rose on his pathway because, forsooth, he might encounter a thorn. He seemed to appreciate the philosophy of life and pleasure as typified in the familiar stanzas:

There's a ripple of rhyme
On the river of time,
As it floats thro' the years and the ages,
And a sunny gleam
Or a golden dream
On the saddest of life's sad pages.

There's a sad refrain
To the sweetest strain,
The longest day soon closes;
And so we'll take,
For their sweet sake,
The thorns 'mid life's sweet roses.

The daylight fades
In deepest shades,
And life has many phases;
The falling dew
And sunbeams, too,
Make buttercups and daises.

In his friendships he was both ardent and steadfast. Warm-hearted and genial, close and confidential with his friends, he united dignity with complaisance in that rare proportion which at once commands the highest respect and the warmest affection. It was only the beautiful and the good in the world that seemed to have any affinity for him. It was impossible for him to have an enemy, as there was no place in his heart for envy or hatred or malice.

To his life has flow'd
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd.

With all this gentleness and softness of heart he adhered to principle with the firmness and heroism of a stoic, and he was as open and frank with an adversary as he was close and confidential with a friend, "as gentle as a woman—as stalwart as a grenadier."

In his marriage he was most fortunate. His wife was indeed a helpmeet for him. Engaged when he was nineteen and she fifteen, it could have been nothing but a love match; and no two hearts could have been more closely united, or two dispositions more perfectly assimilated and blended than theirs. Much of his success in life was due to the strong sense and inspiring devotion of his faithful wife. In the field of his enterprises and labors she was ever his bright incentive; in adversity, his stay and support; in the hour of triumph she was his pride and his joy; and in affliction and sorrow his solace and comforter.

As their young hearts were cemented in the enchanted season of early love, so their wedded life seems to have been an unbroken spell of love. Theirs was truly a love-life. In a recent letter written with reference to this occasion, Mrs. Herndon uses this emphatic language:

> I feel that I should be more resigned to God's will in this sad bereavement because of the long, happy, and blissful life I have enjoyed.

To them love must have been the morning and evening star and the bright bow to span all the dark clouds that overhang the journey of life. It blazed upon the marriage altar and shed its radiance upon the peaceful tomb. In their home it was the source of beauty, the parent of melody, and its voice was music. It was the builder of their every hope, "the magician that changes worthless things to joy and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay; the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart—a sacred passion without which we are less than beasts and with which earth is heaven and we are gods."

Mr. Speaker, there is no appeal from that inexorable decree which dooms us all to death. Generations of men will appear and disappear as spring and autumn and day and night, and the multitudes which now people the earth will soon be gone as the flight of sparrows or the mists of the morning. Death is the antagonism of life,

and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton at every feast. We do not want to go down into the dark valley, although its gloomy passages may lead to perennial sunshine and happiness—

> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause.
> * * * * *
> The dread of something after death,
> The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
> No traveler returns, puzzles the will;
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
> Than fly to others that we know not of.

The hope of immortality was eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek in the beautiful dream of "Ion," and finds a deep response in every thoughtful heart. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asked if they should meet again, and his response was, "That dreadful question I have asked of the hills that look eternal, of the clear streams that flow forever, of the stars among whose azure fields the raised spirits walk in glory."

Address of Mr. CULBERSON, of Texas.

Mr. SPEAKER: The history of the life and eminent career of Mr. HERNDON has been well told by those who have preceded me, and I come now only to express my sorrow for his loss and to offer a brief but sincere tribute to his virtues and his memory. I was reared in the State of Alabama, and from my earliest boyhood whatever has concerned the well-being and honor of that State or the character, virtues, and lives of her prominent men has been of great interest to me.

Although I had never met Mr. HERNDON until the organization of the Forty-sixth Congress, his character and public services were well known to me. I was prepared to appreciate his inestimable worth. Our personal acquaintance began with that Congress, and our relations soon became most intimate and friendly. He was my friend, and when his bright life closed in death I sincerely deplored his loss.

Mr. HERNDON was no ordinary man. In private and social life he was a charming companion. He was the pride and admiration of every circle of friends. His finely cultured mind, the warmth and frankness of his genial nature, and his pleasing manners gave him a cordial welcome to every social circle. Indeed, in every element that ennobles human nature none excelled him, and no one in all the range of my acquaintance seemed to possess in such a remarkable degree all of those qualities of head and heart that make human nature lovable. There was no station in life for which he was unfitted, and none filled by him he did not adorn by his learning, ennoble by his virtue, and endear by his genial deportment.

He was a thorough and accomplished lawyer, and was greatly devoted to his profession. At the very outset of his professional career he took rank among the foremost members of the bar of Alabama, then and now renowned throughout the South for its thorough learning and integrity. His mind was incisive, analytical, and thorough. Though he possessed genius of the highest order, he reached his conclusions after patient consideration, and when reached he had the courage of his convictions, and maintained them with all the fervor and power of his nature. He was indeed an ornament to the legal profession, and his career as a lawyer is worthy of the highest emulation.

As a soldier serving the "lost cause" his noble characteristics shone resplendently. Whether in the pride and pomp of the opening of the great struggle between the sections, in the suffering and privations of actual war, upon the battle-field, or in the gloom and disaster of defeat, he was the same true, hopeful, and devoted patriot, beloved by all. In all the ranks of that great army that went to battle inspired by what it deemed a patriotic duty there was none gentler, braver, truer than the lamented HERNDON.

His name in camp and field was the synonym of all that is heroic in courage, noble in patriotic devotion to duty, magnanimous in victory, or hopeful in defeat. He loved his home, his native State, with more than filial devotion, and served her cause in peace and war with all the energy of his tireless nature. When the noble deeds of the sons of Alabama in that great struggle shall be

gathered up by the historian there will be no brighter, purer, or lovelier chapter than that which shall record the sacrifices, the unselfish love of home and country, the indomitable courage and fortitude of her gifted son whose virtues we commemorate and whose death we now deplore.

His devotion to Alabama cost him years of physical pain, and finally his life. A wound received upon the battle-field shattered his frail form. Surgery was powerless to repair the injury. Year by year he walked in the very shadow of death. At last, in the meridian of his useful life, his spirit yielded to the conqueror, and one more victim lay upon the altar of patriotic duty.

When the war closed Mr. HERNDON returned to his home in the lovely city of Mobile and resumed the practice of the law. The vicissitudes and results of the war had swept away his fortune. He carried the wound which daily wasted his vital energies, but neither adversity nor privation, nor wounded health broke his manly spirit. Success crowned his toil.

He was not, however, permitted to enjoy but for a short time the quiet and comforts of private life and the undivided pursuit of his profession, so congenial to his tastes and nature. Alabama had entered upon the most critical period of her history. She was in the jaws of reconstruction. The wisdom of his counsel was demanded in the service of the State. With that self-denial which ever characterized his eventful life, he abandoned his private business and entered the legislature of Alabama. This occasion forbids allusion to partisan or political subjects that would mar its solemnities. In the presence of a common loss and a universal grief the voice of party is hushed, and eulogy records the merits which all alike concede. His election to Congress was a fitting recognition of the great service he rendered his people and State in the days of their trial, and with what industry, fidelity, and intelligence he served his constituents his colleagues bear willing testimony.

Mr. HERNDON was not a politician in the ordinary acceptation of that character, but he was a scholar, an accomplished lawyer, a brave and generous soldier, and cultured statesman. He scorned, as unworthy his noble nature, the ordinary arts of the politician

and the misleading artifices of the demagogue. He was a profound and independent thinker. His frail and wasted physical condition in some degree unfitted him for an equal part in the usual tumultuary proceedings of the House of Representatives, but in all those departments of labor devolving upon a member of Congress in which laws are primarily shaped and policies determined, in the council chambers of committees, in party conferences, he was the peer of any member who sat with him upon this floor.

Mr. Speaker, the family circle, composed of husband, wife, daughters, and sons, broken by the death of our friend, was a true type of domestic happiness. Whatever of the gloom of adversity obtruded upon it, whatever of disquiet and solicitude invaded its sacred precincts, was speedily expelled by the presence of its head.

His countenance was sunshine itself; his voice the expression of confiding love, and his deportment, under all circumstances, the offspring of the nobility of human nature.

He was a devoted husband—gentle, kind, and confiding; a generous, indulgent, loving father. All these virtues, and more, impressed themselves upon the modest home of that bright and happy circle. The gloom which now enshrouds that once happy home tells in unmistakable language the irreparable loss of wife and children, and proclaims in silent eloquence the virtues of the lamented dead.

Address of Mr. HENDERSON, of Illinois.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is not my purpose at this time to speak at length of the life and character of the late THOMAS H. HERNDON. That has been done by others more familiar with his character and better prepared to speak of his many virtues than I am.

My acquaintance with Mr. HERNDON began soon after he became a member of this body, and was brought about by a similarity of names, on account of which I often received his letters and opened them through mistake, and he quite as often received and opened mine. In this way an acquaintance began between us which became quite intimate and cordial, so much so that it was with deep regret and sorrow I heard the sad intelligence of his death.

But, Mr. Speaker, I only intended on this occasion to express the respect which I entertained for Mr. HERNDON, and to say that in all my acquaintance and association with him he always impressed me as a man of high and noble character.

I never had the honor of serving with him upon any of the committees of the House, nor did our legislative duties bring us in contact with each other very often. But I had opportunities to observe, and did observe, his deportment here as a member of this House, and I always found him to be, as my friend from Alabama [Mr. JONES] has said, a perfect gentleman. He was quiet, dignified, honorable in his intercourse with his fellow-members, and able and faithful in the discharge of his public duties. I have been impressed with the belief that owing to failing health Mr. HERNDON never exhibited to the House fully the ability, the high and manly qualities which he really possessed. But certainly, Mr. Speaker, no one who observed the amiable character, the exemplary life of Mr. HERNDON could fail to respect and admire the man for his many noble qualities.

I will detain the House but a moment longer. I only desired, as I have said, to pay a brief tribute to the memory of Mr. HERNDON, and in conclusion will say that I shall always remember him as one whose character it was profitable to study. He was a man of ability and sterling worth; a gentleman who brought to the discharge of his public duties the highest integrity and fidelity, and we but honor ourselves in cherishing his memory.

Address of Mr. HERBERT, of Alabama.

Mr. SPEAKER: THOMAS H. HERNDON was a typical Southerner, one of that class we proudly point to as the outgrowth of Southern civilization. There is not a virtue that embellishes true manhood that did not find in him a perfect exemplification.

He was modest as a woman, tender as a girl, brave as a lion, generous to a fault, and, amid all the vicissitudes of an eventful life, whether radiant among his friends in the calm sunshine of

peace, or in the vanguard of his comrades breasting the dark storm-clouds of war, he was absolutely true to his convictions of right. His character shone like a star, and like a planet in the heavens it became brighter and brighter as the night grew darker.

Intellectually he was not so pre-eminent, and yet he was possessed of distinguished ability. He was highly efficient as a legislator and devoted to the interests of his constituents; but ill health impaired his usefulness when a member of this House. He was a successful lawyer, clear in his perception of legal propositions and forceful in their statement. Here as everywhere his character came to his aid. He enjoyed the confidence of all men, and this gave him weight as a jurist and effectiveness as an advocate. In sarcasm he had the power to excel, but he restrained himself. His wit sometimes flashed and cut like a falchion, but he carried it as a sword asleep in its scabbard. The casual acquaintance seldom knew he possessed it. He also had fine executive capacity. In the dark days that came upon the South in 1867–'68, when began that terrible political struggle which culminated in the great campaign of 1874, when of those who believed with him the stoutest hearts had lost hope, HERNDON came to the front, an appointed leader, and to him more than any other was his party in the beautiful city of Mobile indebted for the grand triumph it ultimately won. For his devotion, his patriotism, his unselfishness, the people loved him, and as they loved him so he loved them.

Mr. Speaker, it has been my melancholy pleasure to attend two great funerals. I was at Cleveland, Ohio, where so many of the American people were gathered around the bier of the murdered Garfield. Never did the pomp and pride and luxury of grief find more fitting illustration. As I looked on the vast sea of humanity that surged to and fro it seemed as if the North and the South, the East and the West had met on one common ground. As the eye ran over the floral decorations, it appeared that Mother Earth had given up all her flowers that the florist might weave them into forms of beauty in honor of a favorite son; and when the black plumes waved and the grand cavalcade moved, and Euclid avenue, the most beautiful street in America, was packed for miles and miles

with the procession, civic and military, that pageant was a revelation—a testimonial to the genius of the dead statesman the like of which eye had never seen before.

Mr. Speaker, there was grief there; the Union was mourning over the victim of the assassin. But, sir, there was something more than grief. The place that had been vacated was too great, the occasion was too momentous, the elements comprising it were too diverse, to permit that vast assembly to be animated solely by a single impulse. Even under the shadow of the tomb, though the thrill of horror that followed the shot of the murderer yet vibrated in the hearts of the people, there were hope and fear and wonderment and other impulses contending with the grief that permeated that mighty concourse of people.

Two years later I attended the other funeral. It was a beautiful April morning in a quiet Southern city by the sea. No tragedy had brought about the death of him we had come to bury. Human hands had not assailed, but human aid had been exhausted in the effort to save. He had died quietly at home, amid kindred and friends, the victim of a slow, merciless, incurable disease. If it had been possible, expectation had discounted grief.

He was not a great orator, whose words had rung over the Union. He was not a dead President; none came out of curiosity to see the face of the great man for the first time; but every home in that city seemed as silent as the grave. Its more than thirty thousand people had gathered to bury a dear, familiar friend. One impulse animated all; everywhere the paraphernalia of woe; everywhere flowers, tokens of affection; in every face of high or low, rich or poor, the signs of sadness and sorrow. It was a touching sight to see the merchant, the lawyer, the laborer, the old and the young, the white and the colored man, pass one by one around the coffin, each taking a last sad look at the face of him who was the friend of all.

And so with mingled grief we laid our dead colleague away to sleep among the flowers. Rest thee, HERNDON! Your life was as beautiful as the flowers of the field, and it teaches a lesson that will not, like them, fade away and die.

Address by Mr. SHELLEY, of Alabama.

Mr. SPEAKER: THOMAS HOOD HERNDON was born at the village of Erie, on the Warrior River, in Green County, Alabama, on the 1st day of July, 1828, and died at Mobile, Ala., on the 28th day of March, 1883. He spent his boyhood at the place of his nativity, surrounded by the best influences of a home abounding in all that can refine the heart, improve the intellect, exalt the character, and develop manhood. From there he went to the State University at Tuscaloosa, where he graduated in the year 1847. He read law with Hon. Joseph W. Taylor, a distinguished lawyer and orator, and at Harvard, and was admitted to the bar in 1849. He settled at the town of Eutaw, in his native county. Before he reached the years of maturity he was an ardent Democrat. He took an active interest in politics and became associate editor of the Eutaw Democrat, of whose editorial columns he had entire charge during the exciting times of 1850.

In 1851 he was elected a member of the house of representatives of the State legislature and served for one year. During the month of September of that year he wrote a series of letters, over the signature of "John Taylor of Caroline," to the Montgomery Advertiser and Gazette, which exhibited his varied learning and brilliant literary attainments. After the expiration of his term in the legislature he returned to his home and devoted his time to his profession, without any abatement, however, of his deep interest in the politics of the country.

In the year 1853 he removed to Mobile, and in the year 1857 was elected by the Democratic party to represent Mobile County in the lower house of the State legislature. He returned to Eutaw in 1859, and was chosen in 1860 a delegate, with Hon. James D. Webb, to represent Green County in the secession convention of the State of Alabama. He was conspicuous as a leader of the younger members of the convention, among whom were many of the most brilliant young men of the State.

As soon as possible after the adjournment of the convention he entered the Confederate army as major of the Thirty-sixth Alabama Infantry. He was afterwards chosen colonel of that regiment and served with that rank until the close of the war. He was distinguished for high courage and gallantry as a soldier. He was wounded at the battles of Chickamauga and Atlanta, and surrendered at Meridian, Miss. After the close of the war he settled again at Mobile, where he engaged actively in the practice of the law, in partnership with his brother-in-law, Col. Robert H. Smith, the firm doing the leading practice in the city.

Colonel HERNDON never shirked the duties of a good citizen; consequently the drafts made upon him by his fellow-citizens, which were constant and heavy, were always promptly met. He was chosen president of the central council of the Democratic party of Mobile County in 1868, during the Presidential campaign of that year, in which position he displayed rare executive capacity and eternal vigilance. He was nominated by the Democratic party for governor of Alabama in 1872, but was defeated by Hon. P. D. Lewis, the Republican nominee, after a heated campaign, in which he fully sustained his reputation as a brilliant debater and enlightened statesman.

In September, 1876, Colonel HERNDON was chosen by his fellow-citizens of Mobile County as one of the delegates to represent that county in the constitutional convention which framed the present constitution of the State of Alabama. He was chairman of the committee on the executive department, and the people of the State are probably more largely indebted to him than any other delegate for the compact and methodical manner in which that constitution now exists.

Colonel HERNDON was again elected a member of the house of representatives of the State legislature from Mobile County, in November, 1876, and served as chairman of the judiciary committee of that body. He received a very complimentary vote in the legislature that year for United States Senator.

He was first chosen a member of this House in November, 1878. He received the nomination from the convention of his party while

absent from the State, without solicitation. He hesitated to accept the nomination, notwithstanding the complimentary manner in which it had been tendered, as by its acceptance he sacrificed a large and very lucrative law practice. The record which he made during his service here is known to the country.

Mr. Speaker, with my feeble words I feel that I will not be able to do justice to the character of my dead friend. Sublime in his courage, exalted in his ambition, noble in his patriotism, pure in his instincts, honorable in his actions, true in his friendships, THOMAS H. HERNDON combined in his character more of the human virtues and graces than any man I ever knew. His courage manifested itself in the very beginning of his career, and was always a conspicuous element in his character. Born of pure motives and lofty aspirations, it sustained him in the pursuits of private life and in the discharge of public duties, and enabled him to do right always, even in opposition to popular sentiment. Guided by wisdom and prudence, quickened by a sensitive conscience, he confronted danger when encountered in the discharge of duty with a calm fearlessness that made him invincible.

His ambition was of that exalted kind which lifts a man above mere personal considerations. He accepted position more to enlarge his field and increase his powers of usefulness than to gratify selfish ends. He was not indifferent to popular applause, but he never sought it. His highest ambition was to do his duty well. His patriotism was instinctive. He loved his country with devotion. He believed in her republican institutions, and favored the largest degree of liberty consistent with the good of society and the well-being of the citizen. At the same time he recognized the claims of Government upon the citizen, and was ever prompt to respond to the call of public duty—to spend and be spent in the service of his country.

In his actions he was ever honorable. His appreciative sense of honor led him to make any sacrifice for its vindication, for he was utterly incapable of doing a dishonorable act. In his nature he was refined. His instincts were pure, his feelings cultivated. He was a rare combination of bravery, tenderness, and truth. In

his friendships he was sincere and faithful. No man ever enjoyed his friendship who was not impressed with the nobility of his character and the fidelity of his nature. His intellectual attainments were of a high order. He did not have that rugged strength of intellect which attracts attention by its brusqueness rather than its force, but his mind possessed all the elements of intellectuality in their purest form and so well organized that he enjoyed powers far above most men. To these great natural gifts, improved and strengthened by industrious and careful culture, may be ascribed the large measure of success which he attained in the various walks of life. His exalted character, his intellectual powers, his extensive and varied learning, his brilliant literary attainments, united with his industrious, systematic, and painstaking habits, gave him capabilities for usefulness that bore abundant fruit all through his active life.

His life was devoted to public interests. He loved his native State, and his best years were given to her service. In peace and in war his wisdom and courage have made their impress upon every page of her history. To him as much as to any other man in the State are we indebted for the restoration of our government to the control of our intelligent and virtuous classes. To his wisdom and patriotism we owe many of the wisest provisions in our present State constitution.

Alabama will always hold in grateful remembrance the valuable services of her gifted son, whose courage so strikingly illustrated her manhood, and whose wise counsels contributed so largely to her prosperity and the advancement of her civilization.

My personal relations with Colonel HERNDON cannot be described in language. I loved him as I loved my own soul. Drawn to him by a mysterious power which I could not resist, the feelings, aspirations, and secrets of my heart were confided to him with perfect faith. His tender sympathy was my consolation in the hour of my sorrows; his thoughtful advice was my ready assistance in the hour of trouble. I miss his friendship; I miss his love. He is gone; he is dead. He has crossed over the river and is resting gently in the shade of the tree of eternal life. His toils

and his sorrows are ended. He is now gathering the fruits of his great and good life. The joys of Heaven are his.

Decorated with a crown of glory, the reward of the virtues which adorned his pure life here, he awaits us beyond the grave. May God help me so to live that when this life is ended I may be permitted to join him in that haven of rest, where the friendship and love which united us here may be revived and intensified through all eternity.

Address of Mr. OATES, of Alabama.

Mr. SPEAKER: That day in a man's destiny which is like no other is his death day, "a transition out of visible time into invisible eternity," and if not to be lamented, because the inevitable for all, yet it awakens a feeling of awe and deepest interest in the hearts of all, who must experience profound sorrow when one of the best and most useful is called hence. After what has been so well said concerning the character and virtues of my late colleague I fear that anything I may add will but mar the beautiful imagery and pathetic eloquence which have been expressed in words as perspicuous, pure, and select as the characteristics of him whose career they so faithfully portray.

But, sir, I knew and loved him too well to remain silent when the last sad tributes here in this grand old Hall, where he served his people and country long and faithfully, are being paid to his memory. No eulogium, however high; no feeling we can express, however deep; no praise we can utter, however extravagant, can benefit him now or add to his spotless name; that is as unsullied and enduring as the placid waters of the beautiful bay on whose shores he lived and loved so well and where his honored ashes now repose.

As the great rock in midocean serves as the eternal beacon to the mariner, so his solid character stands a model, challenging emulation by the young men of his native Alabama. His scholarly attainments and thorough elementary training made him an accurate logician and gave him reputation as a lawyer. He was a sensi-

ble talker rather than an eloquent speaker. He was less ornate than solid. He knew that in this practical age eloquence of speech is of secondary importance to scope and variety of knowledge; but the delicacy of his constitution limited his research and hindered his progress. Of medium height, slender stature, and sallow complexion, his manner, while civil, respectful, and dignified, was also classical, clerical, and proud, rather than cordial; hence with those who did not know him well he was not popular. But beneath his cold exterior there was nowhere a warmer, more generous, sympathetic, or braver heart.

He was of high social qualities. His hospitality and liberality were bounded only by the extent of his means. If he had a fault —and who has not?—it was prodigality for his family and friends. To know him was to love him, and with those who knew him he was immensely popular.

My acquaintance with him began in 1867, and during the four succeeding years we served together on the Democratic State executive committee. In comprehensiveness and breadth of thought he was equaled by few, and in executive ability surpassed by none. In 1872 he was my successful rival for the Democratic nomination for governor of Alabama. But this, instead of estranging us, as such rivalries too frequently do, made us faster friends. During the sixteen years of our acquaintance our friendship grew stronger, and was attested by tears at our final separation.

Novalis, a German writer, has said that a strong character is but a completely fashioned will. This found illustration in my late lamented colleague. His intellect was the servant of his will. That deep conviction, that firm resolve, like the electric lamp on the Dome of the Capitol, shed its gentle yet steady effulgence on all around him and won their admiration.

Brilliant intellects with deficient will-power are too often like the threads of silver ore which lie scattered here and there, dazzling and encouraging by their brilliancy and surface richness, but, alas! when the deluded miner's expectancy is at its zenith the vein vanishes and his hope sinks with it. But that of my departed friend—light placer on the surface—deep down was a Comstock lode. The strong will is the strong man.

. His devoted wife and grief stricken orphans remain to cherish his name, but the loving husband, the indulgent and tender father, the true friend, the brave soldier, the wise statesman, the sterling patriot, the perfect gentleman, THOMAS HOARD HERNDON, is gone from us forever, leaving to his children the richest of all inheritances, a spotless reputation.

Address of Mr. WILLIAMS, of Alabama.

Mr. SPEAKER: The relation the cradle bears to the grave, is painfully suggestive, of both their near and natural kindredship. The one, is succeeded by the other, as surely as wave follows wave, in the ebb and flow of the tide. The shrieks ushering into the family home the one, unerringly foretell their approaching counter response, in the wails at the brink of the other. The one, is the known receptacle of our helpless loved ones for the time, the other for all remaining time.

In the one, undisturbed quietude and repose, are the conditions sought and fostered; in the other, attained in a spell unbroken, by our most pitiful endeavors. In the one, we deposit the opening flowers of our love, sweetly dimpling in angelic beauty; in the other, their faded and dissolving forms, distressingly precious, to our bleeding hearts. The one, invokes our wakeful vigils, for the continued vitality and healthful forthcoming of its loved occupants; the other, our most agonizing solicitude for their revitality and immortal uprising. Around the one, our hearts carol the lays of sweet affection and love; over the other, afford heaven and earth, incontestable proof of their depth and devotion.

This untiring devotion to the sleeping dead, quickens into existence an attendant genius, standing upon the prostrate demon of skepticism, dissipating the clouds of his foul doubts, wherewith he had sought to obscure the light of the star of Bethlehem; and proclaiming it all around the world, that the love enkindled over the

cradle, will not expire or flicker, but shall survive with increased and increasing luster, at and beyond the grave.

That the divine agency of the grave, in its exercises upon our hearts, is to our affection and love, rather that of the crucible to the treasures of the refiner. That phœnix-like, rising from the desolation and dust of that sorrowful and instrumental test, and free of all base alloy, our affections and love are divinely enstamped with the seal of an immortality, proclaiming its birthright in the Heaven-ordained resolve to go to our loved ones, by acting out through God's revealed means a—

> Life that shall send
> A challenge to its end,
> And when it comes say, Welcome friend.

That, this Heaven-ordained resolve, grounded in its firm foundation upon the immovable rock of ages, nurtures and commissions forthward, the invigorated and entwining tendrils of our indestructible affections and love. That, these tendrils, emanating from a sacred soil of the heart, not of the earth earthy, and wherein it is the pleasure of the divine Husbandman to culture his immortal exotics, lap over into the unknown world in pursuit of the absent loved ones, inspired by the truth of faith's conviction, that—

> Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
> Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
> Into the silent land.

That, in their ascending and unvarying course homeward, they will entwine and thread the golden trackway of faith, up to that happy land, that is fairer than day.

That, in the sweet by and by, and while awaiting us over there, they will be trailed by a faith, reuniting our hearts in indissoluble ties with the dear loved ones gone before.

Could the innumerable tendrils of love, which throughout the ages have entwined their ascent homeward, all be unveiled to the human eye, if for an instant only, methinks the domain of space would glisten and glitter with their heaven-tinted weft and woof,

while the boundless dome of the mansions of the blest would appear in the enchanting distance, canopied with their felicitous beauty and unrivaled splendor.

O, land! O, land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Unto the land of the great departed,
Into the silent land!

What fragrant clusters of love's undying tendrils, would be seen in that silent land, embosoming and embowering in their special entwinings the sweet and lovable spirit of the late and honorable THOMAS H. HERNDON, of Alabama, could only be dependent upon how many there were who came to a true knowledge of him while dwelling here upon the earth; for, Mr. Speaker, I hazard nothing in saying to those who truly knew him, none came to that knowledge but to love him.

Would that within range of subserviency to my call, slumbered supernatural powers, the very inherent magnetism whereof, when awakened, evolved original and elaborate skill, in the striking and refined tracings, the pure and delicate touch, and the polished, correct finish of subjects, eliciting their transcendent dealing.

Even then would I barely be equal to the emergency of presenting him as he truly existed, than which no tongue or pencil ever described a more pleasing and attractive image. Even then would I be trammeled with, if not overcome by misgivings of success, in an effort to hold him forth to those unfavored with a knowledge of his physical, mental, and moral outfit, robed in the grandeur of his finished and vivid portraiture. Powers thus scarcely less than miraculous in their exhibitions, should at least be commanded to unveil to their enraptured view his stately person, magnificent figure, manly face, and towering, polished brow, ornamented in the majesty of exquisite features, and wondrous in their enkindled and enkindling inspiration.

Prominent among these gems of nature's royalty, were his eagle-beaming eyes, the luster whereof, was irresistible in the fascinations

of their unexcelled charms; his finely marked, well defined, extended mouth, whose thin, seamed, compressed lips, utteringly bespoke volumes, in character and will-power; his well set, thoroughly architected, Saxon nose, jaw, and chin, whose classic mold, significantly indicated their inseparable attendance upon rare, luminous forces and well-grounded powers. I would alike be dependent upon that miraculous power, for the ability to depict with a vitality corresponding to that of life, his penetrating and captivating expression of countenance; his looks, which had something in them so superexcellent and that was so wanting in a name; expression and looks, generated and born of, nurtured and matured by the inspiring glow and light, illuming and wreathing this blended association, this grand assemblage of facial features and parts, pronouncedly imposing in the display of his thoroughbred personage—a personage calmly reposing upon its conscious and unstinted strength, as it unfolded an entirety, embodying the richest and rarest profusion of nature's unbounded liberality, promoting him to the high rank reserved for those enstamped with her marked favoritism, and sweetly inducing the conviction that none was ever more fashioned, favored, and finished after the divine creative image of his Maker.

In despair of attaining to the goal of an ambition invoked in the interest of a consummately achieved portraiture of him, I find myself remitted to the cheerless undertaking, and with faltering expectations of its fulfillment, of what I crave may at least suffice as an acceptably wrought reminder thereof—in pursuit of this last resort, I affirm, and what was so well known to those acquainted with him, that in the particulars mentioned, including withal his entire mental and physical conformation, a total exemption therein from any deformity or blemish, afforded the least significant feature in his prepossessing and brilliant array. In the meanwhile, their clustered and inspiring beauties, their diffused and animating enchantment, sealed with nature's impress of rare forces and high-born powers, would have invested the most exacting and unyielding critic, with a spirit of positive inhibition to all promptings, the least suggestive of any change whatever, in a make up and finish

wherein, all were so lovably harmonious, impressively engaging, and attractively majestic.

In his stately person, in his sinew and muscles, his nerve, energies, power, and bottom, Mr. HERNDON, like the eagle or thoroughbred courser, was unencumbered with any of the dross or incubus resulting from redundancy of physical matter. If in his person apparent delicacy was to be seen, it may well be remarked it was untrammeled with any latent physical or mental effeminacy. Manifestations unmistakable in their teachings, abounded in the texture and fiber of his heft and elements, foretelling his ample capacity for active labor, thought, and speed, interlinked with corresponding powers of elastic endurance, and that when brought into full play, they would not fail to put upon their highest mettle any and all, who essayed in the commendable, if perilous task, of continuing abreast with him.

In his grand figure, he would have been a conceded and esteemed model for symmetry to have pursued and copied, while in his manners, he was so courtly, in his action, so unaffectedly dignified, and in his courtesies of standard and high breeding, so sweet, he could have been successfully presented as their hailed preceptor, whose exemplary tutorage would have challenged the profound attention, if not the unqualified approval of all. Moreover, in the particulars pertaining to pleasing neatness and commendable taste and tidiness, he was what all would have held him to be, a finished pattern, dispensing with suggestions of improvement.

From his bewitching countenance, uniformly flashed and radiated a beaming and bright expression of intelligence, sparkling as the diamond. Indeed, he was in every particular and essential entering into and constituting his elements, finish, and polish, naught less in his brilliant display and superb excellencies, than a veritable diamond of nature in the great multitude of the human race; one, according to our American taste, too superexcellent and invaluable in its ingredients and composition to be misapplied in associations or comparisons with crowns of royalty, and yet never more fitly in its impressive place, than when immortally bedecking the divinely royal brow of its own maternity, Dame Nature.

Besides, this bright, intelligent expression, acquired new and increasing luster and attractiveness from a wreathed and savored sweetness of temper, profusely gentle, kind, true, and manly; a temper and disposition highly relishable in its refreshing and revivifying influences to all mingling and associating with him. For his was inherently a genial and companionable nature, enticing and luring in its exhilarating savor and fragrancy, insomuch its happy effects would have been no more apparent and palatable had they been susceptible to, and substantially realized by its fortunate recipients, through the tests of their natural senses.

As a resulting out-turn, a natural and crowning finish to a combination so uniquely interesting, he embodied and prefaced an interwoven beauty of person and countenance, adjudging him rightly and decreeing him justly to be "a joy forever." This pronounced beauty, in which he was so strikingly arrayed, was attractively arresting, even to the listless observer favored only with a passing view, and who could not fail to render him the just homage of his involuntary admiration.

Superadded to all this wealth of his enrichment by these most enviable parts, traits, and characteristics, was his pre-eminence as the soul of honor, truth, and unalloyed physical and moral courage. Indeed, he never looked, spoke, nor acted otherwise, and was thus marked and unerringly emblazoned to mankind, insomuch those little acted upon by these noble and ennobling attributes, failed not to recognize and appreciate his birthright and divine title to them.

A most brilliant and eloquent son of America, deplorably prostrated upon the ground by the baneful effects of inebriate habits, was stumbled upon at night by one, then, now, and likely ever to be, the most eminent of all her renowned jurists. In reply to his apologetic inquiry as to whom he had so regretfully thus offended, the recumbent brother, with eyes peering up into the presiding beauties of the evening firmament, and in a voice ringing out in the stilly night musical and touching, responded, "A fallen star, yet beautiful and brilliant in the dust." The star of Mr. HERNDON'S beauty and brilliancy, unsubjected to intrusions in the dust, moved grandly and triumphantly on in the safe and sublime orbit outlined

by the King of all true nobility for nature's ordained barons of liberty, among whom he stood by divine right a born and towering chieftain.

His mental parts were pre-eminently appropriate, and exaltedly becoming, in the endowment and adornment of our brother in his native dignity and truly majestic display, rather than as so feebly and inadequately herewith sketched. His innate and imperial mental forces, were robustly muscular and active. Unconscious of burden therefrom, they were, in massiv ecapability, equal to the most extended thought, and linking enforcing argumentation—for he was mentally stout, erectly balanced, and firmly planted by nature—upon the unwavering feet of an intuitive logician of magical skill and power.

His perceptive faculties, potently penetrating and pellucidly clear, were marshaled and presided over by no less a luminary than if continuously companionated with some morning star, one of a glittering host apparently bestudding his intellectual firmament. Likewise with his descriptive forces, equally acted upon from the same brilliant canopy, rendering them vividly photographic in their nature and verifying action, even so much, the object or theme he sought to array seemed present with, and visibly standing before you.

His exhaustless fund of startling and inimitable humor, his blistering and withering satire, and his soul-upheaving, heart-melting pathos never failed to come to the front when occasion demanded, nor of robing his subject or theme in the attire and style suitable to, and sufficiently substantial for a full journey down the columns and currents of enduring history. For the lightnings of genius flashed from his eyes no less perspicuously, than the thunders of eloquence audibly pealed from his lips. His sense of the ridiculous, was simply the keenest of the keen, while his tact in its exposure, through rib-testing exhibitions, could not have well been surpassed. When thus engaged, his memorable part was upheld and sustained amid surroundings of ludicrous scenery, most adroitly arousing, in its arrangement by him, and peformed in a manner never to be forgotten by the multitudes inexpressibly refreshed while thrown into unrestrainable hilarity thereat.

His fancy, or imagination, corruscating with the brilliancy infused from his mental firmament, and abundingly intuitioned for all the grand purposes of illuming with the heat and glow of a Promethian fire his mental furnace, of roseating his sublime thoughts and ideas in colors and beauties suitable to their natural dignity and correctly ascertained magnitude, did not, however, sway the scepter of power in his well-ordered and solid mind. It was subordinated to the enforced position of an ever-present and ready auxiliary to his sterner, more useful and enduring forces—forces which exhumed and prepared the ore, forged and welded the grand links, constituting the steeled, marvelous, and resistless chain of ponderous argumentation and fiery logic; faculties capable, and with electric thought, of eliminating from his subject, and down to the bed-rock thereof, all whatsoever foreign thereto or incongruous therewith; intellectual instrumentalities, fraught with the power in their chemicalizing action, of dissolving down to its original units the constituent elements of that subject, of divining and displaying them, with whatever pertained or related thereto, in all its phases and bearings, and with an accuracy, fullness, and power at once heralding the presence and dealing of the master-magician spirit of the same; mentalities imbued with Vulcan strength in their intuitive grasp of the fruitful and exhaustive results flowing from his profound investigations and powerful analysis; and in their gigantic stretches of his sweeping and overwhelming combinations they upheld, marshaled, and thundered his deductions and conclusions, with a perspicuity and an intensity of feeling and thought, few if any would dare wantonly to provoke, and fewer still would volunteer to improve.

No renowned, invincible chieftain, ever descried with more unerring certitude the line upon which to plant the legions of his bristling columns for the approaching fray, and in more frightful array to the foe, than, with a strategy born of Omnipotence, did he align the assemblage of his grand mental marshals pending momentous struggles, invoking their rally around his talismanic banner. With a skill that was consummate and a tact that was supreme, they were wielded and hurled upon the lines of the opposing forces

with telling effect. No redoubtable knight upon the arena of a tournament, with his plumed fame rendering illustrious the legends of literature, and acting under a cordon of the inspiring eyes sparkling from the circles of assembled beauty and grace, ever displayed a more gallant mien and chivalric courage, than did he unveil, when baring his helmet to the foe, he poised his trenchant blade, braced upon the lion-hearted breast of his indomitable will-power, and crowned with the dauntless majesty of his own native grandeur.

Powers so august and knightly in their brilliant array and action, so pronounced and defiant in their development and outcome, could have been no otherwise than manifestly and essentially Herculean in their origin. Their pre-eminence, however, was augmented in no inconsiderable degree, by being the stalwart factors of a mind thoroughly organized and ramified in its unbounded area, height, and depth—factors rarely combined in one, whose unification was properly a notice to mankind of increase in their separately formidable, but when aggregated, their then accumulative and aggressive force. They were crowned with the prowess of a signal and rigorous training by, and a royal investiture in, the classic armory of thorough, finished, scholastic attainments. Thus armed and equipped with all the needful instrumentalities for whatever contests might arise, however heated, or to the hilt, if you please, he stood ever ready for the combat, and with his incisive weapons flashing with the burnished polish resultant from a thorough research, a profound investigation, and a wise understanding of his subject.

Mr. Speaker, generations will come and go, before Alabama again may be able and equally so fortunate, as to honor this Hall with the presence of another such son, another rarely endowed, exquisitely adorned, and wisely matured THOMAS H. HERNDON; one, whose dutiful bearing toward and in her behalf, was without complaint or reproach, and above suspicion; one, whose recognized relations to her, whether as a private citizen or a public servant, whether she was engulfed in the horrors of war or blissful in the possession of peace, whether reveling in prosperity's outturn or cast into the pits of adversity, could have been rendered no more

pure, true, and filial in its sacredly fulfilled obligations and devotion, than if borne toward the affectionate and honored mother of his birth; one, who ever stood calmly ready to launch, with a heroism rivaling that of the bravest of the brave, his earnest, honest, and tireless endeavors, even to the extremity of the pledge of his life, fortune, and sacred honor, in the defense of her rights and the preservation of her untarnished fame, who was ever sagacious, wise, fearless, and faithful in all his acts in that behalf, ever unswerved or moved therein by selfish considerations, other than those conspiring to her growth and prosperity, ever uncramped or acted upon thereby, through any personal ambition, other than in so far as it promised to promote her honor and glory, embedding his dauntless stand unyieldingly by her fortunes and honor, he contended with all the power of his regal forces for, and by every honorable method attainable, enforced, enlarged, and elevated her material, civil, social, and political existence and liberty, as a great American Commonwealth, her constitutional duties, rights, privileges, and immunities, as a proud State of this grand family union of States.

His unwavering devotion to, and unfaltering endeavors for the good and glory of his own Commonwealth, were not without their correlative blessings alike to all the other States; for the wholesome well-being of no member of the body politic could well be promoted, without a resulting good therefrom to the entire membership, even when not so intended. But, sir, it would be a rank injustice to his revered memory, for lodgment to be suffered a conviction, that the fervid patriotism, generating, nourishing, and maturing this sublime devotion to, this unbounded interest in the general welfare and honor of his own State, was confined alone to her borders, or those of her soil.

Not wishing to encumber your time with a recital of his many private and public acts, and whose very essence was fraught with overwhelming refutations of an implication his instincts would have scorned, and rebelled interminably against, allow me, with all becoming modesty, to suggest that the patriotism, like charity, its parent stem, which distills its benign influences and blessings

profusely throughout the thresholds of its own borders, is the alone one ever yet commissioned by nature and countersigned by Heaven for a journey abroad; for that philanthropic visitation on which it was his bold and fond delight actively to engage, whose confines were never less contracted than the bounds of his own glorious country—yea, from the outposts of whose bounds, it was his equal satisfaction, unrefrainingly to wing his fruitful thoughts and blissful conceptions in the interest of the entire human family of the world, speeding them to an uncalled halt, at the line defined by Deity, as the exterior boundary of all finite advances; a boundary presenting, not only an impassable barrier to all finite efforts, but also, clearly defining the line of separation between the realizing present and the mysterious, unknown future, and whose alone extended limits, constituted the only pent-up Utica, known to his aggressive spirit in its towering career of his grandly superendowed powers.

The sunbeam sparkled with no more brightness to his radiant eye, than to his illumed mind, flashed and glittered, the grand truth and its essential philosophy, so sublimely expressed by Britain's world-renowned bard, when into words his pen ingemmed the undying utterance that—

> Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
> All but the page prescribed, the present state;
> From brutes what men, from men what angels know,
> Or who could suffer being here below?
> The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
> Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
> Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
> And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
> Oh! blindness to the future kindly given,
> That each may tread the road marked out by Heaven,
> Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
> Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
> And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

If in my feeble efforts thus far made in the display of our brother, you have failed to see him, grappling in tireless heroism with all the difficulties and troubles encountering the usefulness and honor

of his pathway in life; if you have not seen him, standing upon and master of the highest eminence of human thought attainable by finite capacity; if you have not seen him, in the throes of a genius; pressing restively upon the limits prescribed to finite endeavors for room wherein to afford vent to cramped powers, with a mettle, physical, mental, and moral, no counterfeit in mankind could face, any more than darkness can confront the silvery dawn of light; with a devotion to right calmly unshaken by the prospects of immediate death; with a disinterested care and concern for the well-being of his species, obscuring self entirely from view, then, and indeed, have I failed to remind you whatever of him. These were priceless muniments of his more than enriched heritage. They were his birthright, descending as heirlooms from an ancestry who preserved them unimpaired and untarnished, and by him they have been alike transmitted to his own blood.

He descended from a lineage immortalized, more than a quarter of a century ago, by William Lewis Herndon, of the United States Navy, who sealed his devotion to duty with his life while in command of the mail steamship Central America. That noble sire, of the lines of lineage from whence our brother hailed, had passed through a terrific hurricane at sea only to find his craft disabled and irremediably sinking. Eliciting aid from some small vessels, happily in sight, he effected the safety of about one-fourth of the six hundred passengers and crew aboard the doomed craft, and to one thus escaping from her deplorable fate, he committed his watch and other keepsakes, consigned to his wife, then a resident of this city, and the mother of the late and lamented consort, of our present and highly esteemed most excellent President.

The abandonment of his sinking craft, with nearly five hundred souls yet remaining aboard and unprovided for, was so wholly at variance with his keen sense of the honor due to his country's service, that he remained upon her deck, wedded in death to his post of duty. The last seen of him by those escaping a watery grave through the aid of his unselfish and supremely noble nature, was his proud person, clad in the full uniform of his rank and service, erectly standing at the wheel-house of his fast disappearing steamer.

In this position, undaunted he stood, until the waters had passed over and closed forever from their view this commander of heroic blood. In language somewhat after that of another, may I not say—

> While he asked not that fame should his merits rehearse,
> Though he asked not a shaft to be sculptured in verse,
> The world beheld, in his stand, as he gave up the ghost,
> Blood, heroic to the last, when he went down at his post.

Among the "full many gems of purest rays serene, the dark unfathomed caves of ocean" will reveal to the light of the last day, none will measure higher in the peerage of deathless devotion to the post of duty, ever the post of honor, than that of William Lewis Herndon.

The blush of shame should mantle the fair cheek of our country at the thought, that until this day, no monumental tribute has been reared to the imperishable memory of one, who held that country's honor infinitely higher than he did his life. Such was the heroic blood coursing the blue veins and animating the big heart and brainy power of our deceased brother, the deserved kinsman of the immortal commander of the ill-fated Central America.

Sir, may I not, without the indulgence of any undue pride, mingle congratulations with my condolences to Alabama, in her good fortune to have afforded this House, and the world, a specimen of our race so rare, noble, and commendable? And whose relation to her, be it said to her honor, though it may add to the poignancy of her grief, "was to the manner born." His treasured dust, rests and mingles with the perennially swarded, the flowery odorized soil from whence it hailed. And the precious spot wherein that priceless dust is entombed, will be pyramided by the hearts of her people in more arousing, enduring grandeur, and with more pulsating, thrilling expression of thought and feeling, than was ever inspired or prompted by any of those materialized, stupendous structures of the East.

Mr. Speaker, however inscrutable the decrees of an all-wise Providence may appear to our finite capacity, the unconditional and trust-reposing surrender of our will to that of His own, is only

the more necessitated thereby; becoming, as it should ever be esteemed, our imperative duty. But how sublimely does it ascend to the pinnacle prominence of the highest of all privileges, as well as a pleasing duty when, facing up to and beholding the unalterable decree suspended from the scepter of His omnipotent power, we read therein from His proclaimed will to mankind, that all things shall work together for good to those who love Him.

With what awakened gratitude and heart-bounding delight, should we hail and embrace a duty so profound in its blessings, a privilege so exalting in its exercises, as thus to combine and harness all things together in the interest of earnest coworkers for our present and eternal good; by whose consolidated strength the mass of darkness and torturous doubt surrounding and obscuring us from His divine favors would be dispelled, as it would open up and wall with His everlasting promises a clearly defined way from the footstool of duty, to the elysium fields of unlimited and unending blessings; happily conspicuous among which would be a coinheritance as an adopted joint heir of His beneficent and exhaustless estate.

But grander and more munificent than all else, would be our unrestrained privilege of mingling and participating with those, unceasingly glorifying His divine will. To this inheritance of that estate, and to this admission of that grandest of all privileges, our esteemed friend and dearly beloved brother was ushered, on the twenty-eighth day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, and in the fifty-fifth year of his earthly existence.

He had fought the fight, had kept the faith, and clad in the whole armor of God, he stood poised upon the crumbling brink, traced by the dread elements of the dark river, its unbaffled pilot skillfully untying the last tinsel cable confining his game spirit to the shores of earth. With a heart undismayed by any stings therefrom, unterrified by its somber, turbid surges, and reclining blissfully upon the hope which he had as an anchor of his soul both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil, he calmly looked out upon the approaching scenes, shifted and shifting under the guiding hand of the Pale Messenger. Moving out upon its eventful and awfully critical currents, he uplifted the tel-

escope of a faith in his Mediatorial Master, the twin sister of his inspiring hope, and saw revealed there through the extending hand of deliverance from the arm of omnipotent power of his Merciful and Heavenly Father.

Withdrawing for the moment his attention from the glorious insight thus afforded within the borders of the silent land, and intently conscious that he was upon the eve of closing his eyes in instant death, he turned them for the last time here upon the heart-broken partner of his toils, sorrows, and joys; bidding farewell to this fitful dream of existence, he whispered in his dying voice to that justly dear, untiringly devoted, and tenderly loving helpmate, as he mingled there with his last good-by on earth: "All is well with me." God succor, comfort, and provide for her desolate, distressed, and sorely tried heart in this overwhelming bereavement, is the breathing prayer of his and her innumerable friends.

That he should have passed away from earth poor in this world's goods, yet rich in his unproclaimed deeds of charity, was a fate inevitable to him—a fate induced, yea, fixed, by a generous benevolence and whole-souled charity for his fellows, too genuine ever to allow its perishable trash to accumulate in hands, never closed in the presence of the needy and distressed, or under appeals for their relief. His wealth of intellectuality and Samaritan spirit, interdicted that badge of poverty, proclaiming there were none to do him homage. Thousands of scores there were of those who realized a special delight therein. Acres who had ever thus been acted upon, embracing all shades, grades, and conditions of society, stood in sorrow-breathing silence, and with eyes bedewed in tears around his bier, wherewith, under the soil of his birth, his idol form was being consigned to rest in the narrow confines of its long home—multitudes, embracing not only his own State, but scattered hither and thither throughout this broad land, though absent in person, were present and participating in heart-aggrieved contemplations, the solemn ceremonies of that mournful occasion.

The fiat for his transition, found him in the fruitful maturings of the golden autumn of his earthly career, richly ladened with and abounding useful, rare, and superexcellent fruits; fruits en-

dowing a life of unmixed blessings to his fellows and of assured immortality to himself. Our deprivations, as recipients, of those so much esteemed and coveted blessings, are full enough to prompt our natures to arise in rebellion thereat, and to deplore a calamity so calamitous. But the comforting unction comes in soothing benedictions to our aching hearts, imbuing them with the consoling assurance, that our temporary loss has been his eternal gain. And while the loss may weaken the ties of earth, the gain will more than correspondingly strengthen the attractions of Heaven.

> Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just!
> Shining nowhere but in the dark;
> What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
> Could man outlook that mark!

That Mr. HERNDON's career, should have unfolded a life glowing with the inborn inspirations of a lofty genius, rich in its incidents and exhibitions of all the elements of innate and high-born manhood, and fruitful in its manifold feats of paramount usefulness and signal honors, can be no matter of surprise to the least thoughtful.

That he should have inherently scorned, loathed, and repulsed, everything unbecoming, low, or mean; that he should have enticingly led his fellow-man by precept and example onward, upward, and steadfastly in all that was noble, grand, and true, none who knew him would not, could not gainsay.

That he should have been one to whom mankind, in unsolicited choice, cheerfully and cordially tied in the closest bonds of unselfish friendship, unreserved confidence, and, as was so apparent to them, without the semblance of any hazard whatever to their confided trusts, is too plain not to be seen by all.

That he should have been one deeply, lastingly beloved by his people, should have been their special pride, the apple of their eye, the gem of their hearts' citadel, and should have been exalted and honored by them with lavishing hands and with fond delight, should not, could not excite any wonder.

That he should have been a cherished and finished ornament to society, one ever welcomed to its gay and festive midst by the

greetings alive with the warmth of fond hearts alone; that he should have been a lawyer of unquestioned eminence, a warrior of unchallenged heroism, and a statesman of enlarged resources, resources coextensive with his growing country's increasing and vast demands, none can doubt. That his good name should have been esteemed and decreed by his people, and those who came truly to know him, as a jewel-coined synonym of the beautiful and bright, the brave and true, who could, if he would dare, deplore?

That this endeared name is thus enshrined and sentried in the hearts of the sons and daughters of his own loved, flowery land of rest, a land whose interest and honor it was his pride and delight jealously and zealously to guard on this floor, as one of her cheerfully accredited, unboundedly intrusted Representatives, their entire united voice from her mountains; to his own orange-grove seaboard, promptly would declare; that he should have been a citizen of prominence in living up to the full requirements of the law, undauntedly maintaining on all occasions the majesty and supremacy of its mandates; that he should have been an endeared and an endearing friend, a devoted, affectionate, and tender husband, a loving, kind, and honored father, needs no affirmance from any one whatever.

That, though absent, he never will be forgotten by those favored with his acquaintance or blessed with his friendship; that though, alas! alas! dead, his memory will never cease to be treasured by them, and with increased and increasing fondness therefor; that though the grave, so beautifully defined as the footprint of angels, for the time may hide from us all that was mortal of our dear friend and brother, and yet that we shall be permitted to see him again, are all divinely bottomed intendments and glorious expectations, we most confidently entertain. Their realization and enjoyment, may be called in question, doubted or denied; but, if so, it will hail from those, and from those only, who in their hearts have said "There is no God."

> If a star were confined into a tomb,
> Her captive flame must needs burn there;
> But when the hand that locked her up gave room,
> She'd shine through all the sphere.

Within man's mortal tenement burns a captive flame, lit up by the same infinite hand that enkindled "all the constellations that gem, like a diadem, night's brow." The beams of intelligence, ever emitting from that immortal flame, go out in quest of nature's mysteries, as they sport in their contemplations amid the beauties, relations, distances, and orbits of the glittering host marshaled on the nightly plains, and eagerly seek to know more of the source of their own Promethian fire. These fugitive beams, eluding the fetters of an irksome confinement, and with a speed in their flight unknown to electricity, bound to the outer circle of the remotest of those orbits. Even though disallowed the divine pre-eminence whereon Israel's great leader stood, when he viewed the landscape o'er, nevertheless, if guided by the light of the Star of Bethlehem, as they survey the limitless domain of space spread out before them, they may see through a glass darkly into Jehovah's pre-emption area, wherein His children arrived, arriving and homeward bound will find mansions prepared for them upon his eternal camping ground.

How oft recalled to our contemplations is it as a melancholy fact, that the flowers we so tenderly nurture and so much enjoy in their fragrant array of unsurpassed glory, that the objects unceasingly caressed by our love's fondest affections and joyfully afforded favored niches within the temple of our hearts as idols of our life's devotion, all had the seed of death implanted within them when those of life were quickened into existence. But, sir, in our musings thereon, how important that we fathom with earnestly inquiring thought deep down into the philosophy therefor, would we contentedly learn and consolingly realize, why all earthly pleasures and treasures of the heart are so transitory and fleeting.

When thus fathomed and comprehended, we cannot fail to recognize in them witnesses of Almighty God, whose testimony is sure, making wise the simple; whose evidence, disregarding all peradventure, wisely institutes and promulgates, as an anchoring conviction of the heart, the momentous truth that our Maker never intended this earth as man's abiding place. We hear it proclaimed on every hand that nothing dies but in fulfillment of His omnis-

ciently established decrees, while by His divine agency we alike see and know its place is at once resupplied with newness of life.

Throughout all nature these reproductive links have been coining in continuous order from creation's dawn, and will so transpire until the hand that suspended this earth in the orbit of its existence, and concentrated upon its prepared bosom the creative power of His own omnipotent will, shall withdraw it therefrom. In man alone, has He breathed the inspiration to look with confident hope beyond the dissolution of his earthly house of this tabernacle, and to know that he has a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. In his decay, step by step, as he descends to the grave, Faith illumes with extended and extending ken, and Hope invigorates with increased and increasing brightness, the grand truth embraced by Charity with unyielding devotion, that with those wisely prepared therefor, to be absent from the body, is to be present with the Lord.

For this cause, though the outward man is perishing, yet will the inward man be renewed day by day. When thus reverently understood and spiritually realized, death becomes the unfolding door of entrance upon renewed, increased, and increasing vitality, wherein mortality is swallowed up of life. Through the thresholds of this unclosed door, open and to remain open for the reception of the last pilgrim of the human race, will continue to pass those more than golden links in the countless strand of the family of humanity, among whom will shine with a luster not of earth, a luster inherited and reflected alone from the face of their Divine Master, those of our race, ransomed, purified, and redeemed, by His atoning grace. This onward march to the source of all good will never halt, until it shall have encircled and environed to the full measure of His own divine purpose, the supreme throne of our Heavenly Father.

In accordance with His own eternal decrees, the last pilgrim of earth will have then passed through and closed forever behind him the door of death, and will have been added to that grand army, enlisted, marshaled, and encamped upon the Elysian fields of His unending glory.

We stand in the midst of the progress of this startling, momentous, and solemnly eventful existence, mingling therewith while borne upon its resistless currents to those near and nearing transcendent changes.

Clad in the livery of our dearest esteem, affection, and love for our so much-missed, lamented brother, and planted within the inspired circle, reflected from, and lined by the crowning halo of the immortal genii of our devotion, we proclaim it here and now, and with a resolve which shall know no varying, or the shadow of change, that God being our helper, we will go to our brother.

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

Address of Mr. RANDALL, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER: There are men whose lives have been so rue and gentle that the exaggerated language of eulogy is rendered unnecessary, and for whom the simple recital of duty bravely done and noble purposes carried out without fear or favor is their most eloquent obituary. Of such was the late THOMAS H. HERNDON, of Alabama. Of spotless personal character, with mental faculties cultured and self-poised, with courage equal to his convictions, yet in the ordinary business of this House he was modest, unassuming, and affable until principle was at stake and right was to be sustained, and then no rock was more firmly rooted. The denunciations of enemies, the seductions of interested parties, and the blandishments of power were equally unavailing to move him from the position he took after careful consideration.

He was my friend, and none had a truer one. And such friendship is a consolation beyond all power of words to depict. It is the solace and support of men who try, however feebly, to pursue

the course which they believe to be just and proper. It is easy and delightful to do the wishes of those who would aggrandize their fortunes from the public Treasury, or to grant monoplies to those already too powerful, while on the contrary to battle in behalf of the rights of the many, which are ever absorbed by the few unless prevented by ceaseless vigilance, brings unstinted abuse and the most cruel misrepresentation, and all the more unjust, because it is deliberately done. If it were not for the companionship and warm-hearted help and confidence of men from every section and of all parties, men like Mr. HERNDON, the vexation and labor of public life would be unendurable.

The men who appear most conspicuously in our public proceedings are not always the best legislators. There are those who work earnestly and noiselessly, attentive and watchful, too faithful to themselves and their constituents to decide without the fullest information, and who are as steady to the principles they profess as the needle to the pole, and who moreover, on the great field-day when wrong is to be routed and right made victorious, are always to be found in the ranks ready to do and dare to the utmost. Such a legislator and such a friend was Mr. HERNDON.

I feign no stately sorrow on this occasion. I sincerely mourn for one I esteemed deeply. In coming into this Hall I miss the bright glance and hearty welcome of a true friend. There have vanished the refinement and courtesy of a genial and worthy associate. Something has dropped from the comfort of my daily life which cannot easily be replaced.

Alabama has sent to Congress men of surpassing eloquence, and others who have won the highest positions on the floor of this House and in the other Chamber, but none of them left behind them the memory of a purer life, a sounder public record, or a sweeter character than Mr. HERNDON. Such memories are the undying glory of every commonwealth, and are a valuable incentive to honest ambition everywhere.

The resolutions were then unanimously adopted, and, in accordance therewith, the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
April 14, 1884.

A message from the House of Representatives, by John B. Clark, jr., its Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. THOMAS H. HERNDON, late a Representative-elect to the House from the State of Alabama, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. PUGH. I ask that the resolutions may lie on the table, on account of the absence of Senators who desire to make remarks upon the resolutions. I give notice that I shall not call them up for action by the Senate until 4 o'clock on Friday next.

APRIL 18, 1884.

Mr. MORGAN. I move that the resolutions from the House of Representatives commemorative of the death of Mr. HERNDON be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Ingalls in the chair). The Secretary will read the resolutions at length.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *April* 12, 1884

Resolved, That this House has heard with deep regret of the death of Hon. THOMAS H. HERNDON, late a Representative-elect to this House from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That as a testimony of respect to his memory the officers and members of this House will wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Clerk of this House to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these proceedings to the Senate; and that, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

Mr. MORGAN. Mr. President, I offer resolutions which I ask may be read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate shares with the House of Representatives in its expressions of sorrow at the death of Hon. THOMAS H. HERNDON, lately a Representative in that body from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That, as a mark of sympathy toward the family of the deceased, the Secretary of the Senate will transmit to them a copy of these proceedings.

Address of Mr. MORGAN, of Alabama.

Mr. PRESIDENT: After our friends have passed away it is a grateful privilege to commemorate their virtues, and to draw from the history of their lives the lessons which teach us how to emulate them in their good deeds and aspirations. It is not often that a man has departed beneath the meridian sun of life whose taking off has left a deeper sorrow, or has deprived society of a more beloved friend and the country of a wiser or more useful citizen than THOMAS H. HERNDON. To say that he was endeared to all who knew him is only to express their confidence in the purity of his life and in his fidelity to all good principles, and to repeat toward the departed the earnest friendship which he inspired by his noble and generous bearing, and which he extended to every good man with cordial sincerity. He was a native of Alabama, born at Erie on the 1st July, 1828, when the State had been but nine years in political existence. He was educated chiefly by Professor Tutwiler, a great teacher and a man of the highest worth, and afterward took his degree in the University of Alabama. He was a representative in the legislature for several terms, was a delegate to the secession convention in 1861, and served with distinction in the civil war in command of the Thirty-sixth Alabama Regiment. Afterward he was elected thrice in succession as a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, and died while in the service of his State as a member of Congress.

This is a good record in its outline, and speaks eloquently of the public confidence he enjoyed during all his manhood, and it was filled up in all the stages of his public service with conscientious diligence, and with honest, faithful, wise, and able counsels, that greatly benefited the country and added much to the influence and reputation of Alabama. He was the dutiful and loving son of Alabama—a proud and noble mother. His ashes are at rest in her bosom, and his memory is in her sacred keeping. His last sickness was very protracted and wearing, but he quietly and patiently confronted death, for months together, without the least agitation of spirit, and with a degree of confidence and cheerful resignation that made his sick-chamber a place of attraction more than of grief to his anxious friends. He was not a stoical philosopher, but of broad and enlightened Christian faith. Those who gathered around him in his long suffering were deeply moved as they witnessed how he was attended during every moment with a tenderness and gentle devotion that it would be rudeness to describe here, which makes the better side of life radiant with beauty and lovely with its excellence.

His mental composure and strength of will never yielded to the depressing influences which left him physically prostrate after long months of severe illness; and his mind was so clear and vigorous that he was able to give useful advice to his colleagues respecting public affairs in which he took great interest while in the daily expectation of death. When the Forty-seventh Congress adjourned he was ready to go home and die, but not until then. He rallied all his remaining powers to the task of returning to his native land that he might yield up his spirit in Alabama, his beloved home. Consecrated in every affection of his nature, Alabama received him with the grief of a stricken mother. I am proud to accept this man and his life and character as the true type of a native Alabamian.

Colonel HERNDON inherited the qualities which compelled him to the highest and noblest aspirations; and his lineage and the surroundings of his youth directed his thoughts and his ambition toward the service of his country in the maintenance of the con-

stitutional rights of the people. This was a labor of love with him in which he never faltered or grew weary.

A chivalrous spirit inherited from honorable ancestors, and devoted to the holy cause of justice, is something that lifts up the people to a proper conception of their dignity and power in a Government like ours. In this sense Colonel HERNDON was a chevalier without reproach. He served his State as one who loved its people and was jealous of its honor. He had many peers, but none were more truly noble. In the many severe battles of the civil war, from which he narrowly escaped with his life, but with wounds of which he at last died, he left numbers of his peers and comrades dead on the field. At Chickamauga he received his summons to an early death. His comrades were a glorious host of the true men of the South whose fame is still more illustrious now that he has again joined them. As the years recede they are not forgotten. Their memory is still precious to the hearts of millions of people, and their heroism becomes more impressive in its grateful and romantic interest to the new generations as they arise. Tears still well up in the dimmed eyes of their surviving comrades, whose bosoms, though chilled with age and penury, still grow warm with love as their tongues whisper the praises of their heroic dead. Rivers and mountains and plains, baptized with their blood, have become the enduring landmarks of their fame, and will forever commemorate their deeds of honor.

It is fitting that I should describe briefly the characteristics of the people who found a true and worthy representative in THOMAS H. HERNDON. Their qualities gave tone and strength to his manhood, and he was thus in every sense their representative. The attractions of a fresh and beautiful country acquired from the Indian tribes drew to Alabama in the early days of its history a large number of people from all the Atlantic States, from Massachusetts to Georgia. They were mainly of the classes who had means to purchase the best lands in considerable bodies, and had the fortitude to endure the hardships of a pioneer life. In such communities are usually found great enterprise and intelligence, and much of native ability and independence of character, and

these are safe foundations upon which to build all social and political institutions.

With the assistance of slave labor the work of reducing the wilderness to cultivation was rapidly accomplished, and the land was speedily covered with productive farms and many of the public conveniences which are necessary to a prosperous people.

The people thus drawn together were largely composed of the better classes from the older States, having left behind them the prejudices and peculiarities they may have adopted in their earlier lives. The country rapidly acquired wealth, and with it the people had leisure for mental improvement, for indulgence in agreeable pursuits and diversions, and for the cultivation of their tastes. Their homes were not pretentious in architecture or in ornamentation. They preferred the beautiful forest trees and flowers in their ample grounds to costly decorations or splendid mansions. It was not unusual to find in the newly opened farms a cosy log-house, surrounded with rough fences, but convenient, roomy, and comfortable, furnished with elegance and taste, and provided with every appliance to make home pleasant and attractive. The wives and daughters of these families took great pride in dispensing a generous hospitality with elegance and grace. They were saved from much of the drudgery of ordinary domestic work, and had leisure to devote to social duties and to their mental improvement. They were happy in their homes and reflected their happiness on others. The wealth of these new communities was only great enough to give them leisure for useful reflections, and to stimulate them to rivalry in the education of their children and in self-improvement, without affording them the means or the inducement to idleness or the indulgence of a love of ease. They were active and efficient workers, in full sympathy with the vigorous growth and prosperity of the country; and the comfort of their families was an object that engaged their most earnest care.

Above all else they valued the sacred character and the holy mission of woman, and in this respect the reward of their honorable sentiments was realized in the highest degree. Their sons were found capable of any sacrifices which duty and honor required, and

were proud their lineage. They rejoiced in their families and homes, where their sisters and mothers were honored. A sense of duty and a sentiment of honor deeply rooted in the affections of the home circle are the surest guarantees to society and to the State of the integrity and fidelity of any man. It is in this way that their chaste regard for social duty, their love of home and family, their devout faith in Christianity, their zeal for the excellent results which only the truth, and grace, and moral strength of woman can create in society, have so deeply impressed the benignant influence of woman upon the character of the Southern people that these blessings will remain with them to the latest generations.

It was among this class of people that the mother of THOMAS H. HERNDON was found. A descendant of the Toulmins of England, she inherited the qualities which caused her ancestors to seek an asylum in America from religious persecution in England, preferring the hardships of voluntary exile in the wilderness to ease and comfort at the expense of liberty of conscience.

In the first dawn of his manhood the beautiful guiding light of his whole life shone upon him. He married a young girl who was descended from Abram Alexander, the president of the Mecklenburg convention, which declared the independence of North Carolina, in May, 1775. The faith of her great ancestor in the justice of the cause of American Independence was repeated in the faith of this gentle wife in the cause in which her husband made a sacrifice of his fortune and finally of his life. The president of the Mecklenburg convention transmitted to his descendants those heroic qualities which led him to espouse and to abide by a cause which was sacred to him, although it was denounced as treason from the throne of Great Britain. His great-granddaughter was not less true or heroic than he was in her devotion to a cause that she espoused, and yet she was not more devoted to her principles than were millions of the women of the South, among whom there was no dissenting opinion and no diversity of sentiment during the terrors of the civil war. They were the soul of the Confederacy.

On his father's side Colonel HERNDON was descended from a family distinguished for abilities and integrity of character. Thus

it is apparent that in knowing the people that he represented in his lineage, and among whom his character was formed, we know him. Their blood coursed in his veins, giving strength to his principles, courage to his soul, breadth to his intellect, beauty and grace to his manly form, gentleness to his spirit, elevation to his sentiments, and steadfastness to his devotion to duty. His earnest and ever-ready response to the noble impulses which this rich tide imparted to his thoughts and feelings made him a typical son of the South.

Colonel HERNDON's high sense of honor kept him always true in his conduct to his convictions of duty. When he was in the secession convention of Alabama and in the Confederate army, no man was more faithful than he was to the cause in which he was enlisted. When he again resumed his allegiance to the United States his fidelity to that Government was true and heartfelt. He was incapable of deception, and would never have accepted an attitude toward the United States that would have caused him the least embarrassment in the faithful service of that Government. He was always honest, and therefore he was always true.

His acquaintance was very extensive, but it was not wider than that atmosphere of warm and appreciative affection which pervaded all classes of people to whom he was known.

A soldier, a scholar, a jurist, a statesman; a Christian, genuine, true, faithful, and devout, he is entitled to the honors which the American Senate are now awarding to his memory. But in the more endearing character of friend and comrade, the silent tribute of a tear moistens the eye of the grateful poor and steals down the bronzed cheek of the warrior to utter higher praises than we can embody in resolutions. "Let him rest in peace, for he has nobly earned his high reward."

Address of Mr. GIBSON, of Louisiana.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The interesting sketch which has been presented by the Senator from Alabama [Mr. Morgan] of the life and public services of the late THOMAS H. HERNDON informs us that he enjoyed unusual opportunities for education and for moral

and social discipline and that he filled many positions of public honor and responsibility.

Born in Hale County, Alabama, July 1, 1828, educated at the University of the State, he had hardly completed the study of the law in the University at Cambridge, Mass., and entered his profession before he embarked in public life. He was a representative in the General Assembly and a trustee of the University of Alabama, a member of the constitutional convention, a major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel in the Confederate Army, and the candidate of the Democratic party for the governorship of the State in 1872; again a member of a constitutional convention and of the general assembly of the State, he was finally elected to be a Representative from the First Congressional district in the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Forty-eighth Congresses, but he did not live to take his seat in the Forty-eighth Congress.

His honors survived him. He was called away from a loving fireside and associations most dearly prized, from a confiding constituency, from the enjoyment of every favor of fortune, and from the performance of great public trusts, while in the meridian of life and in the full maturity of his powers, while—

> Hope elevates, and joy
> Brightens his crest.

Come when it may to the young or old, the inevitable and universal summons must always impress us with the profound mystery of life and death, the uncertainty of humanity; but whenever I behold a strong man fall midway his journey, arrested at the very moment when earthly rewards and honors were being reaped and when his usefulness was greatest to his fellow-men, I can only repeat again and again the mournful exclamation of Burke over his dead son, "What shadows we are; what shadows we pursue!"

I was his comrade and friend in the Southern army and his associate in the House of Representatives, and I trust therefore I may be pardoned if I take this opportunity to pay a passing tribute to his memory and to give utterance to my deep sorrow at his untimely death.

It can not be said that Mr. HERNDON had achieved a national reputation as a statesman or that he has left a name illustrious in the

field of letters, philosophy, science, or war; yet in many respects he was a remarkable man and in all an admirable one.

Throughout his whole life he appeared rather to avoid than to attract public attention, and though possessing profound convictions, earnestness of purpose, and a noble ambition, he shunned all mere parade and the pursuit of distinction as an object. His watchword was duty, and the practice of self-denial and manly modesty was a part of his nature. The superficial observer would have said that he was too undemonstrative and reserved, too little of a self-seeker and flatterer, too little schooled in the arts of the vulgar politician, too independent and frank, ever to obtain or to hold the favor of the public; that he was not sufficiently sensational and the "hail fellow well met" to go before the people. But here we have the spectacle of a man who from the bottom of his heart despised all wire-pulling, all machine politics, all claptrap, who was self-contained and self-respecting, yet won and held the confidence and affection of the people of the State of Alabama. No man was more esteemed, none more beloved. The record of his services, covering a period of nearly thirty years, discloses the fact that there were ties of a lasting character binding the deceased to the people among whom he lived.

Upon what foundation did they rest? What was the secret of his power? It was not because he possessed the gift of popular oratory, for while he spoke always with fullness and clearness and force, many others far less esteemed surpassed him in the ability to sway the masses of the people or select audiences with the splendors and charms of their eloquence.

Nor can it be said that it was owing to his achievements as a soldier, for while these were creditable and brilliant they were confined within circumscribed and narrow limits, while many others less beloved than he performed exploits that have linked their names to imperishable renown.

You cannot ascribe it altogether to his robust common sense, his sound judgment, his zealous attention to daily tasks and engagements, to his qualifications and accomplishments as a lawyer, to his rectitude and public spirit, nor to his well known fidelity to friendships, for these were qualities possessed by hundreds who

failed to make any impression whatever upon the public consideration.

To what then can we attribute his popularity and usefulness as a public man? It is true that his intellectual endowments commanded respect, but the source of his superiority is to be found in the resources of a matchless character. In this respect he had few equals and no superiors. Representative and typical of the better elements and aspirations of the people, he was their cherished favorite, for they saw in him the finished product of the civilization—the moral and intellectual forces of the society which they composed. For it may be said that as a general rule public men are the logical expressions of the tone and temper, the outgrowth of the local conditions and habits and culture and institutions of the people, and indicate their characteristics and qualities as surely as certain plants and fruits and trees do particular soils and climates.

His family had emigrated from about Fredericksburg, a part of the Old Dominion which has been prolific in men celebrated for all the virtues that adorn human nature as well as polished manners and intellectual accomplishments. They belonged to the country people of Virginia who have given to the world names that command its admiration and homage. But of those who composed that remarkable class how many there were who neither sought nor would accept public stations, but were content to remain on their plantations pursuing their daily avocations and contributing to the welfare of their neighborhoods; distinguished alike for their fondness for classical learning, their hospitality, a certain reserve and stateliness of manner and high moral standards—men who have left their impress upon country life throughout the South, the George Washingtons and the George Masons of private life, whose virtues fertilized the soil from which these great characters sprung and made of Virginia in some sense what Ithaca was to Ulysses—

> A rough, wild nurse-land, but whose crops are men.

Inheriting traditions so elevating and representing a people themselves intelligent, brave, and virtuous, how could he prevaricate or

attempt to deceive or descend to subterfuge or play the demagogue or betray any trust or fail of duty anywhere or his name be less than what it was—the synonym for honor.

The country can never forget the magnificent example of heroic devotion to duty left by his kinsman, Capt. William Louis Herndon, who sacrificed his own life to save the passengers of the ill-fated steamer the Central America, which went down in a terrific gale on our coast in 1857. It will be remembered with what methodical care and cool intrepidity he made all the arrangements for the safety of the passengers, insisting that the women and children should be rescued first and then the other passengers and finally the crew, and how at last when the foundering ship had become unmanageable and was about to be ingulfed, and it was apparent that all must instantly perish and his men besought him to abandon her and to save himself for the sake of his wife and children, his brave spirit, deaf to all entreaties, heard above the roar of the tempest the call of honor and duty, and, obeying, met death like a martyr.

Col. THOMAS H. HERNDON had a spirit equally unselfish and courageous. I well remember during the evacuation of the lines near Spanish Fort, in Mobile Bay, in the closing hours of the civil war, the commander called for volunteers for a perilous service, and that Colonel HERNDON came forward and in a quiet and modest manner offered to undertake the duty, and performed it with such skill and heroism that he saved the lives of hundreds of his comrades, a duty the performance of which could bring no éclat, no public distinction, no governmental rewards, and that appeared to involve the certain loss of his own life. I doubt if he ever alluded to the circumstance. Such was the man! His whole character may be summed up in one word. He was a gentleman, respecting all the ties of life, honoring all its obligations, and knowing no fear but the fear of God. He realized all our ideas of an American gentleman called from the walks of private life into the public service, bringing with him that exquisite sensibility, that genuine benevolence, that genial tolerance, that scorn of deceit and vulgarity, that brave devotion to principle which characterized the good

people who upheld and honored and loved him as their representative, and by whom they were themselves honored. He was the embodiment of that ideal character drawn by the matter hand of Geoffrey Chaucer over five hundred years ago:

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme that he ferst bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyvelrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.

* * * * *

And though that he was worthy he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde,
He never yit no vilonye ne sayde,
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

Address of Mr. JONES, of Florida.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The imperfection of human language is so great that even on ordinary occasions and subjects we all feel that we cannot give expression to our thoughts and feelings. I never felt so keenly the poverty of speech as I do to-day. My heart is so full of the memories of the good man whose untimely death has been just officially announced in the Senate that I cannot say half that I feel about him.

THOMAS H. HERNDON was my warm personal friend long before either he or I came to Washington in an official character. I am aware that occasions like this are often employed to speak of virtues and character officially. The service that I perform to-day is not an official or lip service; it comes from my heart. Mr. HERNDON and I lived very near to each other. A surveyor's line, a few miles, and separate State organization, were all that separated us. Occasionally he came to the bar at my home and more frequently I went to the bar at his. If there is anything that tests the quality of true friendship it is the intercourse of professional life.

The professional man who shows to the world that he is above that littleness of mind and heart which makes some men incapa-

ble of according to others the credit which is due to them for their talents and worth is the possessor of great and uncommon virtue. Mr. HERNDON was a man of great generosity, high character, and extensive attainments. In the city in which he lived, one of the foremost in the South, he was beloved by everybody for the purity of his private life, his eminent professional ability, as well as for the broad conservative principles which he adhered to after he entered public life. He was a man of genuine convictions and high sense of honor, and I do not think that he ever cast a vote or made a speech that did not emanate from his heart and with the sole purpose of advancing the interests of his country. He had few of the qualities of a trained politician. He was a man who would never act an insincere part to gain favor in any quarter.

He often said to me when here that there was much about public life that was distasteful to him because he found that it was difficult for a mind like his to conform to political methods and to do all that usage had sanctioned to win popular applause. In his intercourse with his fellow men he was modest and unobtrusive, and so perfectly conscious was he at all times of the purity of his own character and the integrity of his principles that he made no effort to impress them upon the minds of others.

He did not belong to that class of public men who suddenly build themselves up by sensations and little methods and then fall to pieces by the weight of their own dullness and incapacity as soon as they become known. His was the slow, steady but certain growth which always follows the exertions of real character and merit; and had health and life permitted him to develop his fine abilities in the field of politics, he would have occupied a position in the councils of the country that would have given strength, courage, and power to all those who labor to infuse dignity, wisdom, independent spirit, impartial and temperate judgment, as well as genuine patriotism, into the administration of the affairs of government.

I have no hesitation in saying that in all the relations of life, private, social, professional, and political, Mr. HERNDON was one

of the best men I ever knew. He was a scholar without affectation or pedantry; a Christian without intolerance or bigotry; a lawyer upright and fearless, ever commanding the confidence of the court, and who was never known to neglect or betray the interests of a client. The loveliness of his domestic life was only equaled by the purity of his professional and political character. He had strong convictions as a party man, but they were never exhibited in undignified or intemperate disputation. He was always true to the principles of his party, but they never carried him far enough to prevent him from doing full justice to those who differed from him. I have in my memory an instance of his impartiality and the freedom of his character from all taint of that littleness and hate which too often spring from party differences. It is only the man of real brain and heart that knows how and where to draw the line which separates private worth and integrity from party principles and responsibility.

When an appointment was to be made to a great judicial office from among the leading Republicans of the country I remember my deceased friend coming here from his business and his home to give his personal testimony of the worth and character of the person who was finally appointed, and without the knowledge of the latter. "Go with me," he said to me, "to official quarters; tell them who I am, so that I can speak, after long experience at the bar over which this gentleman presides as a judge, of his great ability, integrity, and purity of character." The moral of this ought not to pass without observation. It is this: That after all that has been said touching the treatment of United States officers in the South, whenever a gentleman is sent there he never fails to inspire confidence and receive justice. Long before either Mr. HERNDON or myself contemplated entering the field of politics we were professional friends and often engaged together at the bar. He was the most conscientious lawyer I ever knew. He would not address an argument to a court unless he had the clearest conviction not only of the justice but of the law of the case.

I was once his associate in an admiralty cause before the United States circuit court of Alabama. The equity of the case was clearly

with our client, who was the victim of a gross fraud about to be consummated and carried through the forms of law. In arranging about the argument he said to me, with great emotion, "The justice and right of the case is clearly with us, but I have great doubt in regard to the legal principle for which you contend, and while I will assist you in every way in my power I must leave the argument to you." We gained the case before a full court. "You never could have succeeded," said he, "unless you were before a court that had the courage and justice to follow the example of Lord Mansfield who, putting aside the hard principles of the common law, declared that he never would permit a trustee to recover in ejectment against his *cestui que trust* in possession of the estate."

Mr. President, my poor offering to the memory of THOMAS H. HERNDON this day is not what I could wish it to be. Had I the language of a Webster or Choate I could not do justice to my feelings for the memory of this honest, true man. I have seen too much of the hollowness, the treachery, the insincerity of the human heart not to hold in proper estimation the character of the deceased. The House of Representatives has had and now has many men better known to the world for long public service and showing of talents than my departed friend; but, sir, neither that body nor this at any time in our history had a member who in all the high qualities of genuine manhood was the superior of the deceased. I do not speak, of course, about intellectual powers, for it is well known that a bright mind and a rotten heart have often been found together, but I speak of those great moral qualities which make friendship steadfast and enduring, charity boundless, religion tolerant, politics respectable, human nature itself worthy of its Divine Creator. It matters not where such a man is born, his home is the universe; responsive sympathies and open arms and warm hearts will greet him in every clime. And when death ends his earthly career and he enters into a better and happier life beyond the grave the ministering angels around the throne of God kneel in solemn heavenly reverence and pay homage to his labors and virtues as his soul passes the awful portals of eternity.

Address of Mr. PUGH, of Alabama.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The custom of the two Houses of Congress claims a suspension of our duties to the living that we may pay our last sad tribute to the memory of the dead. This is a mournful duty to all of us, and to me it is especially painful. My recollection of THOMAS H. HERNDON is so fresh I have not yet been able to realize the melancholy fact that he is gone from us forever. My relations with him had grown to be so intimate, cordial, and confiding it will take a long time to efface from my memory the impression that he still lives. How often are we reminded by the appearance of the merciless Destroyer "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." And yet we press on, grasping these shadows as if they were priceless jewels, and making our preparations to live as if our earthly existence were immortal.

What a striking illustration is furnished in this delusion of the beautiful truth that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." How utterly blind and helpless we feel when confronted as we are every moment of our existence by the bewildering mysteries of our creation. If we had been so constituted as to be able to understand the delusive and unsatisfying nature of all the earthly objects of our desires, aspirations, and pursuits, and had been made capable of accepting and acting upon the truth as it really is in the beginning of our lives, who could comprehend or imagine the effects of such a radical change in our capacity and knowledge upon our lives and destinies? No higher wisdom could have been shown in the visible works of creation than is seen in the wonderful perfection of the adaptation of material elements and objects to our wants and aspirations and in the unchangeable affinities existing in the mysterious and incomprehensible combinations of mind and matter. How unwilling we are to accept the undeniable truth that disappointments, reverses, failures, trials, sorrows, and troubles of all kinds are inseparable from our existence because they are indispensable agencies and influences employed in the execution

of immutable laws and the consummation of the designs of an all-wise Providence.

These reflections remind us that there is a philosophy in life and death that furnishes more or less consolation and compensation to alleviate our sorrows and reconcile us to our losses. Every human life is a history, and in that of our lamented friend, which has been portrayed with so much force and fidelity by my colleague, there is everything to love and admire and nothing wanting in qualities or action that a longer lease of life could have supplied to make a character more deserving our commemoration. I never knew a more perfectly organized man than THOMAS H. HERNDON. There were remarkable uniformity and harmony in all his faculties. His natural endowments have been excelled in degree but not in quality, and their combination made an extraordinary man. He was kind, gentle, polite, liberal, and unselfish. He had a keen sense of right, justice, honor, and duty, supported by strong convictions and affections and unfaltering courage and manhood. His powers of thought were remarkable for activity, clearness, and accuracy.

His natural gifts were developed and greatly improved and embellished by educational cultivation and acquirements, and by upright and honorable living and intercourse. His most conspicuous traits were strong convictions, sound judgment, spotless integrity, scrupulous sense of duty, and faultless manhood. These qualities established him above suspicion in the esteem and confidence of every person who knew him personally or by reputation. He was social, genial, and refined in his intercourse with all classes, and enjoyed from the beginning of his manhood merited popularity with the people under whose scrutiny and with whose support he grew to distinction. As a friend he was always true under any trial. As a citizen he was exemplary, public spirited, and useful. No man was ever happier in his domestic relations. As a husband and parent he was kind, indulgent, and affectionate.

As a lawyer he was efficient, faithful, and successful. As a representative in the legislature of his native State and in the constitutional convention of 1875 and in the other House of Congress

he devoted all his powers of mind and heart to the honor, rights, interest, and welfare of his constituents. As a Confederate officer and soldier he verified on many battle-fields the highest qualities of manhood and patriotism. In his protracted illness and sufferings and in full view of certain death his heroic nature maintained its supremacy and suppressed all proof that death had any sting or the grave any victory.

I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions submitted by the senior Senator from Alabama [Mr. Morgan].

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. MORGAN. I submit the following resolution:

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of THOMAS H. HERNDON, the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to unanimously, and the Senate adjourned.

LB Je '12

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 787 015 0